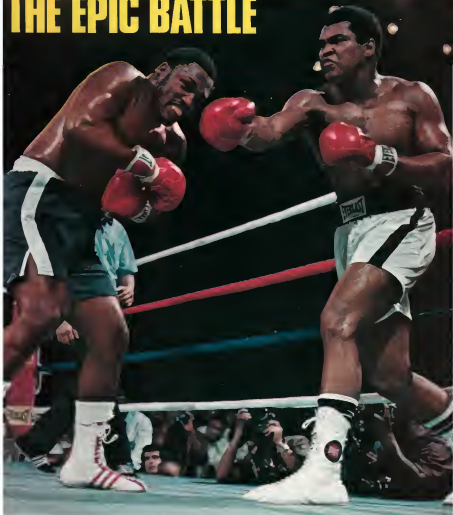


Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 13, 1975

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THE ICEMEN COMETH does our annual hockey issue, in which Mark Mulvey reveals that the battles for survival in the Ironi offices are as rough-and-tumble as the skirmishes on skates

SOONER OR LATER Oklahoma's undefeated streak—now 33—will be broken, and the Texas Longhorns, unbeaten so far this year, may do the busting. Joe Jeres sits tall in the prebox

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

We at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED are a disparate bunch, united by our enjoyment of the sporting life. We are fishermen, sailors, swimmers and rock climbers. We are lunchtime players of basketball and volleyball, bridge and Ping-Pong. We have a good softball team that competes in Central Park and last week finished its season with a 16-2 record. And we have a semipermanent floating tennis tournament that has been going on all summer and may never end.

Not surprisingly the impetus for most of these activities comes from our youngest staffers, those listed as reporters, senior reporters and writer-reporters on our masthead. Their sporting credentials range from those of Rudy Anderson, who was a starting guard at Hampton Institute, to those of Melissa Ludike, who rowed stroke on Wellesley's crew. Included in the group are Mark Donovan, who co-captained the Williams College squash team, and Paula Phelps, who once rode barrel races on the Eastern rodeo circuit. There are also a few sedentary sorts such as Daphne Hurford, whose signal sporting accomplishment is living next door to Pitcher Jim Lonborg's brother.

Two of the newest participants in our athletic activities are pictured on this page—marathon runner Christiana Walford and softball pitcher Martha Smilgis. Until Smilgis was recruited for our slow-pitch team, her most memorable sporting experience had been swimming in a lotus-blossom formation with a Los Angeles water-ballet



WALFORD: SLOW START, FAST FINISH

troupe. "I was a petal," she says.

Smilgis pitched in 16 games for the SI team, which competes in the Publishers' League and, we must modestly admit, wrapped up its season in first place. Though she posted a 15-1 record, she learned her craft as she played. "When sluggers came up, I'd throw high and make the ball drop down over the plate," she says. "By and large, they'd pop up."

When Walford joined SI 10 years ago her specialties were nature and conservation. Her ignorance of competitive sport was almost total and, until three years ago when she began hiking in the woods outside the city on her days off, she almost never exercised. Then, 14 months ago, she took up running, and two weeks ago capped her conversion by competing in the New York City Marathon in Central Park, her first race at that distance.

"It was the ultimate experience for me," she says. "It was intensely lonely, but I finished. That was the triumph. I could use the Boston Marathon and it would not mean more than this."

Not that Walford's effort lacked tangible rewards. Her time of 3:53.13 was good enough to place her sixth among women marathoners in the New York area and 22nd nationally.

To borrow a phrase from a story (page 84) in this issue: "Play on."

Sack Meyer

SMILGIS: FAST STUDY, SLOW PITCH



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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN TARDY

**HE DID NOT FEAR TO TREAD—LIGHTLY
AND BRIGHTLY—ON LARRY RITTER'S TURF**

The latest entry in the sports-nostalgia sweepstakes is a book called *Baseball When the Grass Was Real* (Coward, McCann and Geoghegan, \$12.50), the work of Donald Honig, a novelist and short-story writer. At a time when a lot of schlock is being passed off in the name of the Good Old Days, it's nice to be able to report that this amiable, low-keyed book will give you your money's worth.

The inspiration, as Honig gracefully admits in the first line of his introduction, came from Lawrence Ritter's work of nine years ago, *The Glory of Their Times*. Ritter had taken a tape recorder around the country to capture the recollections of men who played baseball in the game's formative years; the result was not merely a splendid baseball book, but a historical document of rare mood and feeling, one that deserves to be read together with E. L. Doctorow's masterly novel about the period, *Keyhole*.

Honig admired Ritter's book and urged him to do a sequel, covering baseball from the '20s through the '40s. Ritter, instead, suggested that Honig take on the project, and this is the result.

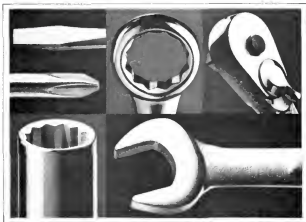
Eighteen ballplayers are interviewed, ranging from Wes Ferrell to Billy Herman to Bob Feller to James (Cool Papa) Bell, the star of the Negro Leagues who was voted into the Hall of Fame last year. By and large they are an articulate and good-humored lot and, like Ritter's book, Honig's is packed with good anecdotes.

Rap Sewell, for example, tells how his famous "ephus pitch" came into being, and how it was that Ted Williams hit his equally famous homer off the epheus in the 1946 All-Star Game. My favorite story, however, is told by Billy Herman. It involves being in Havana for spring training in 1942, and running into Ernest Hemingway, and settling off with him and a few other ballplayers for an evening that ended with Hemingway, for once, thoroughly getting his comeuppance.

There are plenty of laughs in Honig's book, and there is a strong sense of a hard era in which many young men went into baseball to escape the hopelessness of the Depression. But *The Glory of Their Times* possesses a magical quality I've often thought it should have been titled *The Music of Their Times*—that *Baseball When the Grass Was Real* cannot match. Ritter's is a hard act to follow.

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ART TALK

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

YOU COULD WELL BUMP INTO THE SELEY MOBILE—AT THE GLEN OR GUGGENHEIM

It cruises at 55 mph, gets 37 miles to a gallon, has a four-gear stick shift and a rear engine that has gone 64,000 miles. Surely the car is a Volkswagen. But it would cost you \$28,000. It's a Volkswagen that has had its body lifted and replaced by a glistening armor of chromium bumpers—Buick bumpers, Pontiac bumpers, Ford bumpers—40 bumpers of all sorts rescued from scrapyards. The look is no longer that of a boxy economy Fastback; instead the VW has a living body of rippling, swelling muscles. It's a Mr. America on wheels. And it's art, a museum piece, a shimmering monument to recycling.

The creator of the Seley Mobile, Jason Seley, is a noted American sculptor who has been working with bumpers since 1958. Although he has often been credited with the noble urge to better man's environment, he did not start to collect bumpers in order to tidy up the landscape. "I'm not consciously making a statement about waste in America," he says, "but it's there. It's in the work. Things often occur that were never part of my original intent." Seley most eloquently expressed his fascination with bumpers in the foreword of a 1968 exhibition catalog. "To me an automobile bumper is an offering of nature's abundance," he wrote. "I am as much concerned with its pre-history as the wood-carver with the growing tree. The bumpers I use are chromium-plated steel of high quality. They come in interesting and exciting preformed sculptural shapes that are as much a source of inspiration for me as the irregular shapes of field stones were for John Flannagan."

Before turning to bumpers as the material



for his art, Seley created human shapes in plaster or cast metal in the manner of Henry Moore. Then, on a cross-country drive in the summer of 1956, his wife Clara urged him to pick up a bumper that lay abandoned on a highway. It had belonged to a 1949 Buick. "From that day on," says Seley, "I became a welder." He developed a fixation for bumpers and on his daily commutes from his home in New York City to Hofstra University in Hempstead, L.I. where he taught, he learned the shape of every bumper made and contemplated its adaptability. Most of Seley's works are giant abstracts. Many of them are owned by museums such as the Whitney and the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Nelson Rockefeller has one eight feet high, vaguely resembling a rooster. Seley also has done smooth bumper versions of such classic sculptures as the Capitoline Wolf (bullet-shaped, rubber-tipped bumper guards serve as teats) and the Colosseum, the magnificent horse with rider that stands in Venice.

In 1972 Seley purchased a 5-year-old Fastback. He kept only the wheelbase, windshield, interior, engine and, of course, the bumpers. Working four or five hours a day with a welder's torch, he finished the new body in 10 months. It has an antique flair and ornamental paraphernalia reminiscent of the '30s: running boards made of straightened bumpers coated with rubber, a replica of the winged Rolls-Royce hood figure and a cluster of nine exhaust pipes protruding like organ pipes from the rear (a 10th pipe, the ungainly original one, still does the work underneath). Since the Seley Mobile is only 200 pounds heavier than a stock VW Fastback, it cruises easily at freeway speeds and corners well.

Seley did the actual building in The Foundry at Cornell University, where he now teaches. When it was finished, he had to remove part of the wall to get the car out. In October 1973 he drove it to Watkins Glen and parked it in the paddock area during the U.S. Grand Prix. It was the most photographed car at the event. Since then the VW has been driven 1,400 miles and displayed at many art shows, most recently at the Rochester Institute of Technology, where it shared the gallery with another sculpture entitled "Smiling Pink Nude."

These days Seley does not prowling junkyards. He gets most of his bumpers from Cutting Motors in Ithaca. "When a bumper is badly damaged, I get it for nothing," he says, "but I pay \$1 for those in good shape. A used or slightly damaged bumper is as difficult to find as an empty beer can."

So far, Seley has had one halfhearted offer from a buyer, but the price tag indicates that he would not part with the Seley Mobile readily. "I'll sell it," he says, "when I know it's going to a good home. I feel that I can always build another one." END

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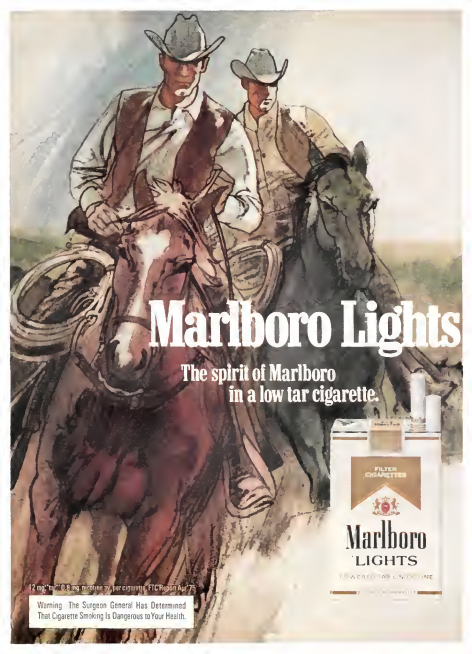
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An artistic illustration in a sketchy, painterly style showing two cowboys riding horses. The cowboy in the foreground is wearing a light-colored shirt, a dark vest, and a cowboy hat, looking towards the viewer. The second cowboy is slightly behind and to the right, also wearing a cowboy hat and a vest, looking forward. They are riding horses through a hazy, mountainous landscape.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

PACKAGE DEAL

An irritated follower of college football writes: "Who do you like to win the Academy Award in 1977? How about Jack Nicholson? He's performed well in the past, and he'll almost certainly be in a movie next year. How about a little support for Jack? What about the National Book Award? Here's a vote for Truman Capote, assuming he writes another book by then."

"Sound ridiculous? Sure, but that's the way we do things in football. Players are called All-Americans in August, before the season begins, and a select few are named as candidates for the Heisman Trophy before they have thrown a pass, avoided a tackler, scored a touchdown. Note that there is no reference to throwing a block, making a tackle or intercepting a pass—since the Heisman Trophy for the outstanding football player of the year is really limited to those who throw or carry the ball. Defensive players and offensive linemen, who make up 73% of those on the field, need not apply, even if the name is Joe Greene or Dick Butkus."

"Everything is so automatic, so cut-and-dried, so preplanned. Regular-season games are scheduled years in advance, with little chance of utilizing late-blooming rivalries. Bowl games are set up well before the season ends. In fact, this year the Orange Bowl Committee came out in September with a list of maybe a dozen teams, one of which it hoped would play the Big Eight champion (which automatically goes to the Orange Bowl) on New Year's night. Suppose the few teams named all have disastrous years? Or are final scores cut-and-dried, too?"

"Why don't they go all the way? Why not name an official All-America team on Aug. 15, the Heisman Trophy winner on Aug. 31 and the bowl game matchups on Sept. 15? Then publicity could be concentrated on the choices ('Bowl-bound State, with Heisman Trophy winner Footsy Swift and All-America Wide Receiver Sucky Fingers...'), while the

rest of us sit back at inconsequential regular-season games and thrill to the splendid play of undesignated and unpublicized heroes."

WHITING IT

Although absolutely complete final receipts for the third war between Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier (page 20) may never be disclosed, early returns from theater television indicate that Socko, as *Liverty* might put it, is still Boffo. Of the 350 locations in the U.S. and Canada that showed the fight, three grossed more than a quarter of a million dollars, and most of the others did very well with ticket prices ranging from \$10 in such places as Kalamazoo, Mich., to \$35 in Anchorage, Alaska. Promoter Don King, who decided that the extravagant prices he had charged for earlier TV ventures had been ill-advised, cut theater prices for Fight III by 20% on the average. And he saw to it that people in most of the theaters had three hours of action on the screen, including a good preliminary bout as well as a karate match.

King, not a modest man, did have far too much of himself in evidence, notably during an interminable speech he gave before the main event, most of which was not heard because of the booming that accompanied it. King should worry. Along with the theater TV here and abroad, he also had the fight on home TV in France and Juneau, Alaska; on cable TV on a delayed basis; as a feature film the following day in a number of first-run movie houses; and on transcontinental airplane flights. And viewers at home will probably get to see the fight early next year on ABC-TV. Whatever the final figures, it seems possible that the ultimate gross may approach the estimated \$18 million that the first Ali-Frazier fight drew. Not bad. Not bad at all.

DOUBLE DUTY

A sports mascot is usually a tethered goat, a chained wildcat or something along that line, or else a hyperactive stu-

dent in a lion costume who dances along the sideline. But the Cooper City (Fla.) High School football team, nicknamed the Cowboys, has departed from tradition by buying a pig, and the players have taken to calling themselves the Root Hogs, after a drill used during practice. The team, which consists mostly of farm boys, named the pig Big Red, outfitted him with a harness and a five-foot leash and have him on hand at every game.

"The pig psychs us up," says Don Wetz, defensive tackle. "We go over and touch it before running out on the field, and we all scream, 'Root Hogs! Oink, oink, oink! Snort, snort, snort!'"

At the end of the football season Big Red will be invited to the team banquet—where, the unsentimental players say, he will be served as the main course.

INFORMATION PLEASE

Newspaper, magazine, radio and television sports departments are plagued by phone calls at odd hours of the night—most often just before closing time in local bars—asking for information on one sports question or another to settle



a bet. Hawaii, a latecomer to organized sport in the U.S., seems to have attained a special place of importance in this scheme of things. A phone rang late the other evening in the sports department of *The Honolulu Advertiser*. Ron DeLacy of the sports staff answered it.

"Listen," the caller said, "can you tell us who the player was that the Los Angeles Rams got several years ago when they gave up 11 players to the old Dallas

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

Texans for one? It's to settle a bet."
"Wait a second," DeLacy said. As he searched through a file for the answer—it was Les Richter—he asked the man on the phone where he was calling from.

"Philadelphia."
"Philadelphia?"

"Yeah," the man said. "We had to settle this argument but it's 3 a.m. here. We figured you were the only sports department still open."

MEA CULPA

Rugby Union is one of the roughest sports in the world, with injuries commonplace. No one was too surprised, therefore, to learn that Mike Blackburn, a hard-tackling London player, was out with a back injury. The only thing was, Blackburn did not get hurt in a game. A Roman Catholic priest, he slipped a disk while taking off his vestments after saying Mass.

MacPHAIL

Of the three noted baseball people who died within a few days of each other last week, Jean Payson, owner of the New York Mets, and Casey Stengel (page 41) had many friends and admirers in the game. Larry MacPhail did not—or, at any rate, his enemies and detractors were as many as his supporters. How else to explain MacPhail's absence from the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown? Amiable, friendly men who were not in MacPhail's class as a mover and shaker of the game are enshrined there, but the volatile, abrasive, often abusive Larry is not.

MacPhail introduced night baseball to the majors at Cincinnati in 1935 in the course of reviving a moribund ball club that had finished last four years in a row. He moved to Brooklyn in 1938, took the tattered, shattered Dodgers and built them into pennant winners and the most popular team in baseball. He brought night ball and daily radio broadcasts (by the incomparable Red Barber) to metropolitan New York over the vigorous protests of the stronger, better established Yankees and Giants. After World War II he came back to the game as part owner of the Yankees, put night ball into Yankee Stadium, broke the major league attendance record, won a pennant and a world championship—and quit.

His career was short and explosive, like his arguments with Leo Durocher, who got his first managerial job from MacPhail. Larry fired Leo and rehired him

with regularity—later he was indirectly responsible for Durocher's suspension from baseball for a year—and he feuded with Branch Rickey, who had been his friend and patron. MacPhail's temper, his truculence, his vivid language, alienated a lot of people. Even so, his impact on baseball was enormous, and he should be in Cooperstown.

NOMINATIVE CASE

Around this time of year, when thoroughbred racing begins to run out of major events, followers of the sport like to scan the lists of 2-year-olds who have displayed some foot to see if they can come up with something that might do well in the 3-year-old classics next spring, particularly those horses that are named with grace or significance. Considering the times we live in, one has to like a colt named Tap the Line, by Sensitive out of Call the Sheriff. And Love Tale, an evocative name since the filly is by Dusty Canyon out of Indian Heress. There is also the sentimental Forty Nine Sunsets, by Sailor out of Her Ideal, and the sobering Bitter Taste, by Count the Green out of Hootenanny Anne.

One of the best, bringing back as it does memories of youthful days at summer camp as well as the unforgettable races of the sire, is a Greentree Stable colt that won for the first time last week. By Tom Fool out of Sack Race, the youngster is named Snipe Hunt.

THEY SAID IT

- Jim Roberts, of the Montreal Canadiens, asked whether he realized he had scored three goals in eight exhibition games: "I don't keep track. Besides, it's three in seven."
- Billy Cunningham, Philadelphia 76ers forward, on preseason games: "The great thing about the exhibition season is that they don't make you shave on the day of a game."
- Brian Oldfield, world shotgun record holder, on professional athletes who earn money openly and amateurs who earn it secretly: "There are the pros and cons of track."
- Roy Jefferson, Washington Redskins wide receiver, testifying before a Congressional hearing, on his \$65,000-per-year salary: "People might consider me rich, but I consider myself poverty-stricken in many respects. When you make a lot of money, there is a lot of pressure to spend it."

END

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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 13, 1975

'LAWDY, LAWDY



HE'S GREAT'

Joe Frazier said that of Muhammad Ali, but so fierce and unsparing was their confrontation that the phrase could have applied to them both **by MARK KRAM**



It was only a moment, sliding past the eyes like the sudden shifting of light and shadow, but long years from now it will remain a pure and moving glimpse of hard reality, and if Muhammad Ali could have turned his eyes upon himself, what first and final truth would he have seen? He had been led up the winding, red-carpeted staircase by Imelda Marcos, the First Lady of the Philippines, as the guest of honor at the Malacañang Palace. Soft music drifted in from the terrace as the beautiful Imelda guided the massive and still heavyweight champion of the world to the long buffet ornamented by huge candelabra. The two whispered, and then she stopped and filled his plate, and as he waited the candles threw an eerie light across the face of a man who only a few hours before had survived the ultimate inquisition of himself and his art.

The maddest of existentialists, one of the great surrealists of our time, the king of all he sees, Ali had never before appeared so vulnerable and fragile, so pitifully unmajestic, so far from the universe he claims as his alone. He could barely hold his fork, and he lifted the food slowly up to his bottom lip, which had been scraped pink. The skin on his face was dull and blotched, his eyes drained of that familiar childlike wonder. His right eye was a deep purple, beginning to close, a dark blind being drawn against a harsh light. He chewed his food painfully, and then he suddenly moved away from the candles as if he had become aware of the mask he was wearing, as if an inner voice were laughing at him. He shrugged, and the moment was gone.

A couple of miles away in the bedroom of a villa, the man who has always demanded answers of Ali, has trailed the champion like a timber wolf, lay in semi-darkness. Only his heavy breathing disturbed the quiet as an old friend walked to within two feet of him. "Who is it?" asked Joe Frazier, lifting himself to look around. "Who is it? I can't see! I can't see! Turn the lights on!" Another light was turned on, but Frazier still could not see. The scene cannot be forgotten; this good and gallant man lying there, embodying the remains of a will never before seen in a ring, a will that had carried him so far—and now surely too far. His eyes were only slits, his face looked as if it had been painted by Goya. "Man, I hit him with punches that'd bring down the walls of a city," said Frazier. "Lawdy, Lawdy, he's a great champion." Then he put his head back down on the pillow, and soon there was only the heavy breathing of a deep sleep slapping like big waves against the silence.

Time may well erode that long morning of drama in Manila, but for anyone who was there those faces will return again and again to evoke what it was like when two of the greatest heavyweights of any era met for a third time, and left millions limp around the world. Muhammad Ali caught the way it was: "It was like death. Closest thing to dyin' that I know of."

Ali's version of death began about 10:45 a.m. on Oct. 1 in Manila. Up to then his attitude had been almost frivolous. He would simply not accept Joe Frazier as a man or as a fighter, despite the bitter lesson Frazier had given him in their first savage meeting. Esthetics govern all of Ali's actions and conclusions, the way a man looks, the way he moves is what interests Ali. By Ali's standards, Fra-

continued on page 26

A drama in three acts: 1) Ali, 2) Frazier, 3) Ali.

Ali freely belabored Frazier in the first five rounds, which he dominated on the officials' cards.



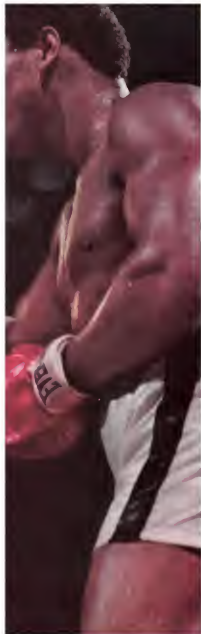
But he was rarely permitted to hold Frazier behind his head, as he had in Fight II when he needed a breather.



Frazier came on in the middle rounds, savagely assaulting Ali's body, turning him allways on the ropes.







Exhausted and contemplating quitting, Ali slumped in his corner at the end of the 14th.



Too weary to bob and weave, his guard down, Frazier desperately stalked Ali in the final round.



Left eye nearly shut, bleeding from the mouth, Frazier was eventually an easy target.



zier was not pretty as a man and without semblance of style as a fighter. Frazier was an affront to beauty, to Ali's own beauty as well as to his precious concept of how a good fighter should move. Ali did not hate Frazier, but he viewed him with the contempt of a man who cannot bear anything short of physical and professional perfection.

Right up until the bell rang for Round One, Ali was dead certain that Frazier was through, was convinced that he was no more than a shell, that too many punches to the head had left Frazier only one more solid shot removed from a tin cup and some pencils. "What kind of man can take all those punches to the head?" he asked himself over and over. He could never come up with an answer. Eventually he dismissed Frazier as the embodiment of animal stupidity. Before the bell Ali was subdued in his corner, often looking down to his manager, Herbert Muhammad, and conversing aimlessly. Once, seeing a bottle of mineral water in front of Herbert, he said, "Waicha got there, Herbert? Gin! You don't need any of that. Just another day's work. I'm gonna put a whuppin' on this nigger's head."

Across the ring Joe Frazier was wearing trunks that seemed to have been cut from a farmer's overalls. He was drolly tense, bobbing up and down as if trying to start a cold motor inside himself. Hatred had never been a part of him, but words like "gorilla," "ugly," "ignorant"—all the cruelty of Ali's endless vilifications—had finally bitten deeply into his soul. He was there not seeking victory alone; he wanted to take Ali's heart out and then crush it slowly in his hands. One thought of the moment days before, when Ali and Frazier with their handlers between them were walking out of the Malacañang Palace, and Frazier said to Ali, leaning over and measuring each word, "I'm gonna whup your half-breed ass."

By packed and malodorous Jeeps, by small and tinny taxis, by limousine and by worn-out bikes, 28,000 had made their way into the Philippine Coliseum. The morning sun beat down, and the South China Sea brought not a whisper of wind. The streets of the city emptied as the bout came on public television. At ringside, even though the arena was air-conditioned, the heat wrapped around the body like a heavy wet rope. By now, President Ferdinand Marcos, a small brown durringer of a man, and Imelda, beautiful and cool as if she were relaxed on a palace balcony taking tea, had been seated.

True to his plan, arrogant and contemptuous of an opponent's worth as never before, Ali opened the fight flat-footed in the center of the ring, his hands whipping out and back like the pistons of an enormous and magnificent engine. Much broader than he has ever been, the look of swift destruction defined by his every move, Ali seemed indestructible. Once, so long ago, he had been a splendidly plumed bird who wrote on the wind a singular kind of poetry of the body, but now he was down to earth, brought down by the changing shape of his body, by a sense of his own vulnerability, and by the years of excess. Dancing was for a ballroom; the ugly hunt was on. Head up and unprotected, Frazier stayed in the mouth of the cannon, and the big gun roared again and again.

Frazier's legs buckled two or three times in that first

round, and in the second he took more lashing as Ali loaded on him all the meanness that he could find in himself. "He won't call you Clay no more," Bundini Brown, the spirit man, cried hoarsely from the corner. To Bundini, the fight would be a question of where fear first registered, but there was no fear in Frazier. In the third round Frazier was shaken twice, and looked as if he might go at any second as his head jerked up toward the hot lights and the sweat flew off his face. Ali hit Frazier at will, and when he chose to do otherwise he stuck his long left arm in Frazier's face. Ali would not be holding in this bout as he had in the second. The referee, a brisk workman, was not going to tolerate clinching. If he needed to buy time, Ali would have to use his long left to disturb Frazier's balance.

A hint of shift came in the fourth. Frazier seemed to be picking up the beat, his threshing-blade punches started to come into range as he snorted and rolled closer. "Stay mean with him, champ!" Ali's corner screamed. Ali still had his man in his sights, and whipped at his head furiously. But at the end of the round, sensing a change and annoyed, he glared at Frazier and said, "You dumb chump, you!" Ali fought the whole fifth round in his own corner. Frazier worked his body, the whack of his gloves on Ali's kidneys sounding like heavy thunder. "Get out of the goddamn corner," shouted Angelo Dundee, Ali's trainer. "Stop playin'," squawked Herbert Muhammad, wringing his hands and wiping the mineral water nervously from his mouth. Did they know what was ahead?

Came the sixth, and here it was, that one special moment that you always look for when Joe Frazier is in a fight. Most of his fights have shown this: you can go so far into that desolate and dark place where the heart of Frazier pounds, you can waste his perimeters, you can see his head hanging in the public square, may even believe that you have him, but then suddenly you learn that you have not. Once more the pattern emerged as Frazier loosed all of the fury, all that has made him a brilliant heavyweight. He was in close now, fighting off Ali's chest, the place where he has to be. His old calling card—that sudden evil, his left hook—was working the head of Ali. Two hooks ripped with slaughterhouse finality at Ali's jaw, causing Imelda Marcos to look down at her feet, and the President to wince as if a knife had been stuck in his back. Ali's legs seemed to search for the floor. He was in serious trouble, and he knew that he was in no-man's-land.

Whatever else might one day be said about Muhammad Ali, it should never be said that he is without courage, that he cannot take a punch. He took those shots by Frazier, and then came out for the seventh, saying to him, "Old Joe Frazier, why I thought you were washed up." Joe replied, "Somebody told you all wrong, pretty boy."

Frazier's assault continued. By the end of the 10th round it was an even fight. Ali sat on his stool like a man ready to be staked out in the sun. His head was bowed, and when he raised it his eyes rolled from the agony of exhaustion. "Force yourself, champ!" his corner cried. "Go down to the well once more!" begged Bundini, tears streaming down his face. "The world needs ya, champ!" In the 11th, Ali got trapped in Frazier's corner, and blow after blow bit at his melting

face, and flecks of spittle flew from his mouth. "Lawd have mercy!" Bundini shrieked.

The world held its breath. But then Ali dug deep down into whatever it is that he is about, and even his severest critics would have to admit that the man-boy had become finally a man. He began to catch Frazier with long right hands, and blood trickled from Frazier's mouth. Now, Frazier's face began to lose definition, like lost islands reemerging from the sea, massive bumps rose suddenly around each eye, especially the left. His punches seemed to be losing their strength. "My God," wailed Angelo Dundee. "Look at 'em. He ain't got no power, champ!" Ali threw the last ounces of resolve left in his body in the 13th and 14th. He sent Frazier's bloody mouthpiece flying into the press row in the 13th, and nearly floored him with a right in the center of the ring. Frazier was now no longer coiled. He was up high, his hands down, and as the bell for the 14th round sounded, Dundee pushed Ali out saying, "He's all yours!" And he was, as Ali raked him with nine straight right hands. Frazier was not picking up the punches, and as he returned to his corner at the round's end the Filipino referee guided his great hulk part of the way.

"Joe," said his manager, Eddie Futch, "I'm going to stop it."

"No, no, Eddie, ya can't do that to me," Frazier pleaded, his thick tongue barely getting the words out. He started to rise.

"You couldn't see in the last two rounds," said Futch. "What makes ya think ya gonna see in the 15th?"

"I want him, boss," said Frazier.

"Sit down, son," said Futch, pressing his hand on Frazier's shoulder. "It's all over. No one will ever forget what you did here today."

And so it will be, for once more had Frazier taken the child of the gods to hell and back. After the fight Futch said: "Ali fought a smart fight. He conserved his energy, turning it off when he had to. He can afford to do it because of his style. It was mainly a question of anatomy, that is all that separates these two men. Ali is now too big, and when you add those long arms, well . . . Joe has to use constant pressure, and that takes its toll on a man's body and soul." Dundee said: "My guy sucked it up and called on everything he had. We'll never see another one like him." Ali took a long time before coming down to be interviewed by the press, and then he could only say, "I'm tired of bein' the whole game. Let other guys do the fightin'. You might never see Ali in the ring again."

In his suite the next morning he talked quietly. "I heard somethin' once," he said. "When somebody asked a marathon runner what goes through his mind in the last mile or two, he said that you ask yourself why am I doin' this. You get so tired. It takes so much out of you mentally. It changes you. It makes you go a little insane. I was thinkin' that at the end. Why am I doin' this? What am I doin' here in against this beast of a man? It's so painful. I must be crazy. I always bring out the best in the men I fight, but Joe Frazier, I'll tell the world right now, brings out the best in me. I'm gonna tell ya, that's one helluva man, and God bless him."

END

THE JUICE IS TURNED ON AGAIN

Currently off to the most electrifying start ever by an NFL runner, O. J. Simpson is threatening to gain 2,500 yards this season. Meanwhile, he and his Bills teammates have been shocking their opposition

by DAN JENKINS



O. J. Simpson was unresponsive last week to the basic needs of America's pro football cult. Just when it appeared that popular demand would result in Canton, Ohio being assigned to him as a permanent summer home, or at the very least in his being named to the Supreme Court, Simpson had this deplorable afternoon in Buffalo, the city of his labors. He gained only 138 yards rushing. It was as if the supreme French chef had served the *pot-au* without the *feu*. As if Givenchy had shown only bathrobes and sailor hats. As if John Steinbeck had written *Travels With My Gerbil*. Sure, the Bills had crumbled the Denver Broncos as easily as they had mangled the Jets and the Steelers in their previous two games, but O. J. had not galloped for his customary 4,000 miles. In the aftermath a rumor circulated that Reggie McKenzie had wept.

On the other hand, think of it this way: O. J. has gained 538 yards in only three games, and 35 years ago—is 1940 that long ago?—a sidestepping judge named Whizzer White led the NFL in rushing for a season with 514 yards. Or consider that O. J.'s 538 yards is the best beginning ever for a pro running back, including all of those years Jim Brown trotted up and down the spines of cornerbacks and safeties.

Or better still, get out your pocket calculator and multiply Simpson's per game average of 179.3 yards by 14, the number of games in a season. If your Bowmar Brain doesn't blow a transistor, you'll find out that O. J. is headed for exactly 2,511 yards rushing in 1975. That is five playing fields more than he gained two seasons ago when he set the record and became the sport's first 2,000-yard runner.

But enough of this new math. O. J. Simpson lives. He is the light, the spirit, the guru of all running backs. He became that as a collegian at USC, when he was merely brilliant enough in only two seasons to make everybody's all-time, 100-year team. And now, after a slow start in Buffalo that was largely attributable

Peering into the hole, Simpson cuts upfield for several of his 138 yards against Denver.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HEINE ALBRECHTSEN

so the coaching genius of such pillars of the profession as John Rauch and Harvey Johnson, who thought in terms like "Hey, gang, I've got an idea; let's use him as a decoy." O. J. has immortalized himself as a pro.

As anyone who ever saw him at USC knew, Simpson was destined to become the best there ever was, if he could stay healthy and if he was given the opportunity to carry the ball behind a group of linemen who could block as well as Donald Duck's nephews. He missed that opportunity in his first three seasons in Buffalo under the marvelous tutelage of first Rauch and then Johnson. Although O. J. always said, "The more I carry the ball, the better I get," in no season from 1969 through 1971 was he called on often enough that he was able to gain as many as 750 yards. It was not until Lou Saban returned to Buffalo as the

head coach that O. J. was unloosed.

Simpson says, "A running back is one of the few players on a team who can step right in as a rookie and from the start play his position as well as he'll ever be able to play it. Frankly, I think my best years have been wasted. When I came to the pros I was 22 years old, I could run the 100 in 9.4 and I was at my best athletically."

But it may be that Rauch and Johnson did O. J. a favor. They could have worn him down by running him behind Buffalo's old offensive line. It could not compare with the Bills' current bunch of blockers—The Electric Company. Turns on The Juice. Get it? Welcome to headline-writers' heaven.

As John Brodie, the ex-49er who is now a quarterback for NBC-TV, says, "The only time an offensive lineman ever gets his name mentioned is when he's

caught holding." Simpson long has been on a campaign to change all that. He always gives lavish credit to his blockers, invariably referring to himself and his exploits in the first-person plural. In short, O. J. is the first one to acknowledge that at least part of what he has become is the result of the work of these great Americans:

- Mike Montler. He is the center. He snaps the ball to Quarterback Joe Ferguson, who then hands it to O. J. If Montler refuses to snap the ball, there is no play. He is 6'4", 245 pounds and he played as Colorado. New England thought Montler was too slow to be a tackle. He is. The Bills took him on two years ago because they thought he could play center. He can. He's a strong drive blocker, which is as essential to the well-being of a good ballcarrier as a deodorant endorsement.

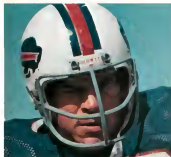
continued



Buffalo Guard Joe DeLamielleure (68), the Bills' best lineman, and Reggie McKeaie, O. J.'s cheerleader, escort their man, even on the bench



Tackle Dave Foley, who has slow feet, is coming on fast with his best play ever.



Center Mike Montlar, a tackle until two years ago, specializes in drive blocks.



Tackle Donnie Green handled L. C. Greenwood as D. J. had 217 yards at Pittsburgh.

• Reggie McKenzie. He is the left guard. That means he pulls a lot to lead O. J. around the right side of the line. McKenzie is 6'4", 244 and he played at Michigan. He might have been slightly overrated among left guards in the past because his close friendship with O. J. had gotten him considerable publicity. But this year he may no longer be overrated because he is an improved pass blocker, which makes him a better friend of Joe Ferguson's. If it does a runner good to have a high-spirited cheerleader on the squad, O. J. certainly has one in McKenzie.

• Joe DeLamielleure. He is the right guard and he pronounces it dah-lam-lee-er. Undoubtedly, DeLamielleure has one of the most frequently misspelled names in professional football, but there may be no better guard in the business. He is 6'3" and 248 pounds, he played for Michigan State and he is strong, tenacious and tough. He also is the best offensive lineman the Bills have ever had. In Buffalo's season opener DeLamielleure outplayed the Jets' Carl Barzilauskas, who has been compared to Dracula. The next week he outplayed the Steelers' Mean Joe Greene, who is Dracula. And last Sunday he knocked over so many Broncos in the Bills' 38-14 victory that Fullback Jim Braxton got to pick up 102 of Simpson's yards.

• Dave Foley. If you hang around a bar in Buffalo, somebody will tell you that Dave Foley has "slow feet" and that he was considered "the weak spot" in the Bills' line until this year. Foley is the left tackle, he comes from Ohio State where he used to get hollered at by Woody Hayes, and he is 6'3" and 247. That is a few pounds lighter than he used to be, and the loss has speeded up his feet. Saban says Foley is "playing the best football of his career."

• Donnie Green. Green distinguished himself by putting a whole bunch of good fire-out blocks on Pittsburgh Defensive End L. C. Greenwood a couple of weeks ago. At 6'7" and 252 pounds, Green is almost big enough to be the right tackle for two teams. He played his college ball for Purdue.

• Paul Seymour. Seymour is the tight end, and at 6'5", 243 he is one of the largest of his species. In fact, he is so big that the same guy in the Buffalo bar will tell you Seymour, who went to Michigan, gives the Bills a "third tackle." Few people would care to argue whether Sey-

mour is the best run-blocking tight end in the game. He is.

These are the guys who have been clearing the way for Simpson. Their alma maters—Colorado, Michigan, Ohio State, Purdue and Michigan State—give them what the scouts call "good breeding." And they played like thoroughbreds as Buffalo destroyed its first three opponents and, in the process, took on the aura of a serious Super Bowl contender, if such a thing exists this early in the season.

Calmer minds might be tempted to suggest that Buffalo met the Jets before Joe Namath had unlimbered his passing arm, that the Bills caught the defending champion Steelers dozing and that Denver last week was without the services of Otis Armstrong, the mile-high version of O. J. who was last season's NFL rushing leader. Such notions can only be measured against the laughable ease with which Buffalo won its first three games. With Simpson tearing up so much ground and the Bills looking better balanced and more mature than ever, Buffalo still would have won those games had their victims been at their peaks.

Why? That's easy. Two years ago when Simpson raced for his record 2,003 yards, Buffalo was simply not a good team. Last season, when Buffalo made the playoffs and was a moderately good team, Simpson was never really healthy. He gained more than 1,000 yards, but he did it almost as if he were in a wheelchair.

"I sprained my ankle in the opener against Oakland and I tried to come back too soon," O. J. says. "We had the Dolphins the second game. I hurt both knees against them. After that, to keep from getting hit from the side—which would have been really bad on my ankle and knees—I would come through the line and try to turn around and face most tacklers head on."

For a runner who combines the power, speed and cutting ability of Simpson (and he combines them better than anyone ever has), this was the equivalent of a concert pianist being forced to play while wearing ski mittens.

"Eighty percent of our running plays don't end up going through the hole they're designed for because of things the defense does," O. J. says. "Last year I really couldn't take it wherever it looked good like I can now."

Now Simpson says he can tell McKen-

continued

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zie in the huddle. "Come outside with me and take the linebacker with you. I'll cut up inside and meet you downfield." Presumably, this is all right with Ferguson. And McKenzie undoubtedly replies with something on the order of, "Fine, I'll meet you between their 40- and 45-yard lines around 2:37 p.m. I'd rather you not be late."

This loose, I'll-meet-you-in-their-secondary-play calling is a manifestation of the trait that perhaps has done more than anything else to make O. J. what he is. It is his mysterious and instinctive ability to create things. Other runners have had it, Jim Brown especially and Gale Sayers and Hugh McElhenney, who was never as celebrated as he deserved to be. But none had O. J.'s talent to create, plus the speed that allows him at age 28 to run the 100 in 9.7 and the power that comes from a physique which, when he is disrobed in the locker room, makes him look from the waist up—almost as big as McKenzie.

What he created against Denver seemed so easy. Each time he carried the ball it looked as if he just might squirt away on one of those 88-yarders, like the run he strapped on Pittsburgh two weeks ago. And he gave that impression even when his rushes lasted only a few steps. But short gains for O. J. were few. On all but one of his first 12 carries he picked up at least four yards. He would hit the hole, dart, cut, twist and slash for four, then eight, then five, then eight, then 10 or 12. Once in the third quarter he got away for 22 big ones. And later in the same period he gave it one of these and one of those and was outside and away for 16 yards and a touchdown.

Simpson was so effective, and Denver was so conscious of his whereabouts, that when Braxton got the ball the big fullback's major concerns were avoiding his own blockers and trying not to appear too startled by the distances separating him from the nearest defenders. Although Braxton runs hard and is fully

capable of butting an opponent over backward, O. J. was in a sense responsible for many of the yards Braxton gained. To claim it works both ways is to say that Buffalo's foes are unaware of Braxton's old hobby, fumbling. Maybe he's given it up. So far the Bills have turned the ball over just twice in three games; meanwhile, the Buffalo defense has forced a total of 14 turnovers. Thus Buffalo has the football. And thus it can be given to O. J.

During his first three games O. J. has averaged 29 carries, more than twice as many as he averaged when he was a "better athlete" in those early days at Buffalo. He is also gaining more than twice as many yards as he did in his early seasons. And the Bills are at least four-times-better a team. Whether his early years were wasted or not, he is today, as he always has been, the only runner football has produced who could make a performance like last Sunday's seem routine. **END**

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DASHING DAYS FOR THE REDS



The electrifying Morgan, en route to the tying score in Game One, steals second and, as an encore, makes a headlong theft of third



The wheels of Joe Morgan & Co. plus the spirited arms and bats of his Cincinnati accomplices left Pittsburgh gasping and grasping in the playoffs

It's a beautiful day for baseball," said Willie Stargell as he stepped into the batting cage in Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium last Saturday and crashed one, two, three balls over the wall in disastrous succession. Though the scoreboard was flashing all kinds of peculiar news from Boston—one, two, three errors in the first inning?—the Pittsburgh strongman insisted that "these playoffs only seem a little weird sometimes because everyone is watching, everything is magnified."

Nine innings later, after Cincinnati's Joe Morgan launched what would become a demolition derby on the base paths and Don Gullett not only held Stargell hitless but drove in one, two, three very magnified runs, Willie still stuck to his apportion theory. Nothing unusual, he said of the Reds' 8-3 win in the playoff opener. "They just did and we didn't."

After a week of stat-happy prognostications, Stargell's oversimplifications were refreshing, but the day's beauty clearly lay in the eyes of Riverfront's Reds-mad, world-championship-starved beholders.

"This time," said Tony Perez, "we have a little bit more of everything good." Morgan proved that when, with the Reds trailing 2-1 in the first game, he was walked by Jerry Reuss, stole second and then impudently stole third on the next pitch, eventually scoring the tying run. Those thefts plus an earlier one by Morgan set a single-game National League playoff record. Much more was to come. "I just can't stand to be behind in a short series," said Morgan. "It really bothers me. So I ran on Reuss. I've worked harder at stealing bases than he has at holding me on them, so why shouldn't I be better?"

Though the Reds won a runaway 108 games this year, Gullett contrived to find a whole new way to win this one when he hit the first home run of his six-year career, a two-run shot that caused him to leap like a cheerleader on the base paths. "I feel like a music teacher watching a great pianist at work when Gullett is out there," said Reds Pitching Coach Larry Shepard. "He gives me goose pimples." "Donny is so good he gives me chills," said Manager Sparky Anderson.

In the second game, a 6-1 five-hitter won by Fred Norman with an assist from Rawly Eastwick, Morgan & Co. went merrily amok, Joe stealing another base, Ken Griffey stealing three, Dave Concepcion two and George Foster one. Ah yes, there were a dozen Cincinnati hits, too, including a two-run homer by Perez. Baiting way down in seventh position Griffey had knocked in three runs the day before; now he added another.

As the woebegone Pizazzes moved to Three Rivers Stadium for their third gasp, Stargell groped for sustenance. "When things appear to be the darkest," he said, "that's when we play our best baseball."

Was he thinking of a one, two, three Pittsburgh sweep? Now that would be weird.

—RAY KENNEDY



In fine voice and form, Carlton Fisk shocks a pop foul from the crowd.

TIME TO SHOUT FOR THE SOX

Fenway is a homey little park where the fans break into song, but for the A's it was a tortura chamber in which a band of improper Bostonians all but broke their backs

CONTINUED



In Saturday's comedy of Oakland errors, Fisk scores unearned run No. 2.



Balls dropped everywhere but into A's gloves, as Bando ruefully attests.

It seems not so much a ball park as a house, a quirky brownstone, maybe, with labyrinthine corridors, a circular staircase and an attic with cobwebs and trunks full of musty ballroom gowns. To those who know the place, it is home; to those who do not, it is a candidate for the wrecker's ball. Fenway Park is home to the Red Sox. Everything there is familiar, friendly, comforting. Not so to the Oakland A's, who were weekend guests. Actually, the A's were not so much guests as intruders, but inside Fenway's inhospitable walls they behaved with the floundering embarrassment of the unlucky diner who topples his red wine onto the lace tablecloth. The A's came to Fenway bursting with confidence and menace. They left it, in the peculiarly apt words of Reggie Jackson, "wounded and stumbling through the fiasco."

In the first game, which the A's lost 7-1, they set an American League championship series record for errors (four), in the second game, which they lost 6-3, they regained some of their composure, but the Red Sox clearly outplayed them. The Sox seemed to draw inspiration from their family of fans, who crowded into every corner of the old dwelling, chanting, cheering, even singing. The A's were the objects of scorn and derision. As Luis Tiant completely baffled them in the first game with his vegetable stew of pitches, ties and mannerisms, the fans chanted "I oo—ey, Loo—ey, Loo—ey."

They similarly rewarded Rico Petrocelli when he hit a home run in the second game "Ree—co, Ree—co, Ree—co." The warhorse, Carl Yastrzemski, received more standing ovations than a Met soprano. And when victory in the second game—and in the fans' eyes, the series—was assured, the crowd serenaded the once-ominous presence of Charles O. Finley with a chorus of "Goodbye, Charlie, we hate to see you go."

From the start, the A's seemed lost in Fenway. Young Claudell Washington never did learn where left field ends and the monstrous green wall begins. In the first game he hacked away from the barrier to field Fred Lynn's fly ball off it, attempting to appear as casually professional as his counterpart, Yaz. But the ball hit just a few feet from the bottom of the fence and Washington stared, in wonder. It was, as Yaz himself was to say contemptuously, "an easy catch." Washington looked the fool. In the second game he was spared further indignity by being transferred to designated hitter.

Washington is only in his second big-league year, so he may be excused occasional folly. However, his elders, who should know better, were equally feckless. Third Baseman Sal Bando, who struck out three times, was nearly departed by a ground ball in the first game, and Bill North dropped the easiest possible fly in center.

Bando atoned for his early humiliation by slugging four straight hits in the second game and Jackson, who kept falling down in right field, produced a prodigious two-run homer. But Yaz and Rico also hit homers in that game as the Sox defeated the A they feared most, reliever Rollie Fingers. When their dreadful weekend was over and the A's were limping back to their own drafty home, they looked with new respect at their hosts. The Sox, said Jackson, "know now they can slay the giant."

—RON FINKLE



The Charlie Burch.
(Smirnoff and root beer)

A friend of ours recently found himself with some unexpected guests, a bottle of Smirnoff and a supply of root beer. Neither he nor any one present had mixed Smirnoff and root beer before. But the occasion called for a drink, the hour was late and the only place open was a good distance away. They voted to make do with what they had.

Our friend thought the result so surprisingly good that he suggested we try it. We agreed, and we pass the simple formula along, named after its inventor.

In so doing, we have no wish to convert anyone from

plain old root beer when that's what the occasion calls for. Everything in its place, we always say.

To make a Charlie Burch, pour 1½ oz Smirnoff into a tall glass of ice. Fill with root beer.

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At a very reasonable price, we built Jim Cramer a sleek, sporty Olds Cutlass S. With it comes the good feeling of having an Olds around him—and a lot of attention.



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Oldsmobile
Can we build one for you?

CASEY STENGEL—AN APPRECIATION

by ROBERT W. CREAMER

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS MADE SENSE

There are some things that should be understood about Casey Stengel, who died last week in California at the age of 85. Despite the patronizing nicknames of Ol' Case and The Professor, he was not lovable and he was not cute. He was a tough man, as sure of himself as anyone you are ever likely to know. He was a gifted public clown but not a private one, not the sort who worked for laughs to curry favor.

Oh, he could entertain friends—and anyone else within hearing distance—and leave them helpless with laughter, but he never played the fool for them, not even when he was lying on the floor of a hotel lobby at two in the morning, demonstrating the proper execution of the hook slide. He was lecturing, teaching, telling, explaining, illustrating, his arms waving, fingers gesturing, mouth grimacing, eyes winking. He was noted for saying, "You could look it up," but a more significant pet expression was, "Now let me ask you this." Like Socrates, he would pursue a theme with his listeners—his students—and the insights he would develop were sometimes astonishing.

Contrary to what people thought who laughed at him without really listening to him, he almost always made sense. Not that he was easy to understand. His monologues wandered, his references were cryptic, his descriptions fragmentary. But he was a genius—quick, intuitive, loaded with bits and pieces of information that he would whip out and apply to a situation. If you knew his subject and the people he was talking about, what he said was a revelation. "My God," said a reporter hearing him for the first time, "he talks the way James Joyce writes."

Critics who denigrate him as a manager like to point out that of the four major league teams he ran, three never finished higher than fifth, and one of those never higher than 10th. It doesn't matter. There is a story about a fine poker player who described a better poker player by saying, "When I have the cards, I clean the table. When he has them, he cleans the room." When Stengel had the players, and the resources to get more, he cleaned



DRAWING BY ARTHUR SILVERSTEIN

the room. Ten pennants and seven world championships in 12 years, which is what he did with the New York Yankees from 1949 through 1960, is the superlative managerial performance of all time, such an extraordinary achievement that people accept it without thinking about it—like the sun. "I couldn't have done it without the players," Stengel said ingeniously. Neither could the players have done it without Stengel.

Casey was an original. There was no one like him before he came on the baseball scene in 1910, and there will not be again. He was always at home in his time. He knew the uses of the past, but was more interested in the present and the future. He was never 60, or 85, or 22, or 40. He was simply Casey, all the time, all his life. Those who remember him half a century ago say he had then the same gravelly voice, the wink, the double-talk, the rambling stories that became famous when he did.

He had contempt for dumb ballplayers, even those with talent, but he loved smart ones. His favorite was Billy Martin who, despite his lack of skills, was always alert, alive, perceptive. Martin reciprocated the affection. After the Yankees lost the 1955 World Series, Stengel's first defeat in postseason play, Martin stood in the empty clubhouse with tears in his eyes and said, "It's a shame a man like that has to lose."

But Stengel, whose career was a roller-coaster ride of success, failure, success, never really lost. As he once told a biographer, "I'm a man that's been up and down." Defeat to him was only a temporary setback. Death, for all its finality, seems no more than that.

END

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

by **RON FIMRITE**

Persons of a certain age and regional orientation should be forgiven if they persist in regarding the World Series as more of an auditory than a visual experience. Television did not catch them in their formative years; they first saw the World Series through the eyes of a radio announcer. The Series was listened to at home, in the back seat of autos, among a cheering crowd clustered outside a small-town appliance store or record shop.

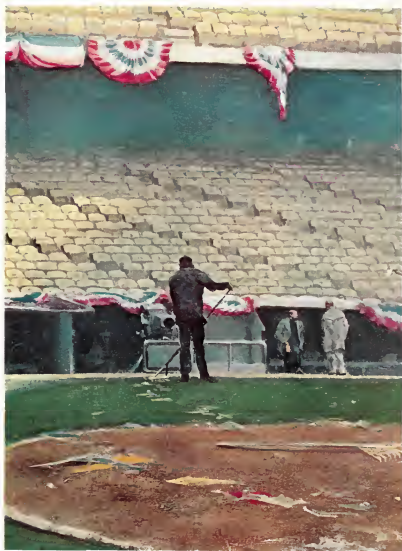
The Series was seen only in the mind's eye, but there the figures grew much larger than they ever would on the small screen. People of this vintage might see the Series as artist Stanley Meltzoff's heroic groundkeeper sees it in the evocative illustration on the following pages—as personal fantasy. No matter that the groundkeeper swings his bat after the game has ended and that he is a cleanup man in the most literal sense. The romance of baseball, of all sport, is in its capacity for stirring fantasy. We are never too old or too bothered to see ourselves wrapping up a World Series victory with a homer in the final inning of the seventh game.

Meltzoff's paintings are of last year's Series between Oakland and Los Angeles, but they could as well be of any Series. The game and the players may change but, through the generations, the fans never do. Their hopes rise and fall, as do those of Meltzoff's Dodgers' and A's fans at right, with the fortunes of their team. The World Series is a sporting event that is both common and exceptional: it is neither as pompous nor as tense as, say, a Super Bowl or a heavyweight championship fight. Baseball is an earthier attraction. And yet it remains a game of gathering tension, and nowhere is this element better demonstrated than in the Series, where nothing that happens is meaningless. Finally, there is the matter of tradition. The World Series has been with us so long that there can be but few among us who can recall a time when it did not exist.

As a Californian, I first thought of the Series as a rare spectacle that sometimes occurred in such exotic places as St. Louis or Detroit, but mainly in New York City, where a San Franciscan was gallantly upholding his own city's tradition of baseball excellence. He was the Yankee Clipper, John! Joe DiMaggio. "John! Joe..." There was a song by that name, and you could hear it, during its brief senancy on the charts, as you strolled by the radio stores on your way home from school. What was the man had done to merit a hit swing tune of his own? The lyrics gave few clues, *continued*

PAINTINGS BY STANLEY MELTZOFF









and, out of fear of appearing misinformed in this most important area of juvenile scholarship, I observed a tactical silence, believing that in time the source of Joltin' Joe's magic would somehow be revealed to me. He seemed a hero out of all proportion, one who even clouded the memory of the baseball player we had all heard about, Babe Ruth.

The radio finally explained it: DiMaggio was getting a hit every day that summer of 1941. Nobody, not even Ruth, had done that. Joltin' Joe, the Yankee Clipper, could do everything else, too. He could hit home runs and run down the longest, hardest-hit fly balls. Best of all, he was one of us, a local boy.

The World Series that year was the first I paid much attention to. I was aware, if only dimly, that the Dodgers had won a dramatic victory in their league and that Brooklyn was an unusual place full of odd-looking people speaking a nearly unrecognizable patois. It was a team and a place that seemed to seize the public that year. Such native expressions as "dem Bums," "dese" and "dose" and "it's fa da boids" were in vogue, even in San Francisco. The Dodgers were ragtag, dead-end-kid miracle workers. The Yankees were regal, the Dodgers were the cannale at the barricades. A natural inclination now would be to identify with the rabble, but then, inflamed by costume dramas, I equated the Yankees with the British Square confronting screaming hordes of barbarous tribesmen. The Yankees would teach the filthy heathen a lesson.

They did, in five games. The pivotal game was the fourth, in which the Dodgers were leading 4-3 with two out in the ninth. A win would tie the Series and possibly swing the momentum to Brooklyn. The game seemed actually won when Tommy Henrich struck out for what should have been the last out. But Providence intervened. Dodger Catcher Mickey Owen let the ball get by him, Henrich reached first safely, and the next hitter—who else but Joltin' Joe—singled to keep the strange rally alive. The Yankees went on to score four times and effectively clinch the Series. I heard that ninth inning in the back seat of a car—my great aunt's Studebaker, as I recall—and for the first time in my life I advised a woman to kindly shush while I listened to a baseball game. It would not be the last.

Television created new habits in dealing with the World Series. Now the games could be seen at home, in barrooms, at private clubs or, if one was fortunate enough to be employed by a newspaper, in the office. Before the weekday games became night games, playing hooky from the job was a common occurrence in the early weeks of October.

I did not see a World Series game in person until 1962, when my former heroes, the Yankees, now Joltin' Joeless but with Maris and Mantle, came West to play the Giants. It is a pleasure to recall, after this past season when the Giants were almost totally rejected by the community, how affectionately the team was regarded in 1962. The A's would not arrive to carve up the market for another six years, so the Giants had the only game in town. They drew 1,592,594 that year in a considerably smaller (15,000 seats) and even windier unenclosed Candlestick Park. It was also the

year of the transistor radio, a device affixed to the ear of seemingly every other passerby. The late Russ Hodges' trademark exclamation, "Bye-Bye Baby," was heard in the finest Post Street shops, in the meanest Mission Street taverns and even, as an occasional soprano would complain, in the opera house. The Giants owned the town, and when they won the pennant, champagne flowed in the streets.

My newspaper had assigned me to do "color stories" during the Series games, a duty I perceived as seeking out people in funny hats. The job had two drawbacks: 1) I had no fixed seat in the sold-out ballpark, and 2) if I were to perform with my legendary assiduity, I would not see much of the games. I compromised by finding my oddballs before the games, then watching every inning while seated on the concrete steps of the stadium aisles.

The Series was thrilling enough, but disappointing. The vicious Willie McCovey line drive that would have scored Matty Alou and Willie Mays with the winning runs in the seventh game was caught by Bobby Richardson somewhere near second base. It was over just like that. I was numb in spirit and in the seat of the pants on my concrete perch. There was a kind of double anticlimax. The Giants had lost and I had seen the Series, if under circumstances far from ideal. What was there left to do now? Become President? Write the Great American Novel? Escape to Tahiti? That is the trouble with experience: it ruins anticipation.

How much more rewarding, in fact, was that Series heard from the back seat of a Studebaker, my first serious meeting with Joltin' Joe. We were to meet again years later. He and I were both patrons of a restaurant operated by Joe's close friend, Reno Barsocchini. DiMaggio would sit silently at one end of the bar, I noisily at the other. He is a private man, and in Reno's that privacy was strictly enforced. Five years ago Reno gave a party for DiMaggio on the occasion of his 56th birthday and the 29th anniversary of his 56-game hitting streak. It was something of an honor to be invited, since the majority of the guests were DiMaggio's old friends from Fisherman's Wharf. It was what DiMaggio enjoyed most, a private party. I was seated across from a man I shall call Charlie, because for the life of me I cannot remember his name. He had been a left-handed pitcher in DiMaggio's playground days, and he, too, was apologetic about being there. "I haven't seen the Clipper [they all called him the Clipper] much since we were kids," said Charlie. "I didn't think he'd remember me."

DiMaggio gave no formal speech. He simply greeted his friends, recalled old times, referred to a few of the guests by name. Finally, he spotted Charlie. "Hey, there's Charlie," DiMaggio called out. "Now Charlie here was as fine a young lefthander as I ever saw. Never could understand why he didn't make it to the bigs."

Charlie was flabbergasted. He looked as if he might cry. "Did ya hear what the Clipper had to say about me?"

Twenty-nine years had passed since he first held me in his thrall with his hitting streak and his World Series heroics, but I knew then I had never been wrong about Joltin' Joe DiMaggio.

END

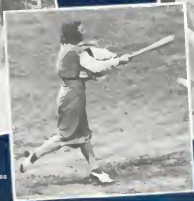
BABE DIDRIKSON & FIFD'ORSAY

SPICY SCREEN FUN
"THEY JUST HAD
TO GET MARRIED"

"BABE" DIDRIKSON - IN PER
FIFD'ORSAY - IN PERSON - BOB
SCREEN - "THEY JUST HAD T



TWO BABES GUSS



HIT AND MISS



A HAND FROM IKE

BABE PART 2

She was a headliner after the 1932 Olympics, but Didrikson's name would not be up in lights for long. As a professional she was a performer without a showcase, reduced to batting for bucks with the House of David

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON and NANCY WILLIAMSON

The first to call Babe Didrikson the greatest woman athlete of all time was Grantland Rice. After her performance at the 1932 Olympic Games in Los Angeles, Grannay enthused, "She is an incredible human being. She is beyond all belief until you see her perform. Then you finally understand that you are looking at the most flawless section of muscle harmony, of complete mental and physical coordination the world of sport has ever known. There is only one Babe Didrikson, and there has never been another in her class—even close to her class."

Dispensing on-the-spot immortality was not unusual in those days but Grantland Rice was the most effective among
continued

PLACE
WORLD'S GREATEST WOMAN ATHLETE
Y. CALIFORNIA COLLEGIANS OTHERS
MARRIED: T. J. FISKE
TTS. FIFI D'ORSAY



FRONT AND CENTER



A LIFT FROM JACK

BABE continued

the many writers building and gilding heroes. American sports pages were full of bedtime stories, of living legends who answered to names such as Galloping Ghost, Sultan of Swat, Manassa Mauler. Readers, it seemed, could scarcely wait for the next miracle. Rice believed in the 21-year-old, in fact bragged about her almost as if she were his daughter. One day in the Olympic press box he was rhapsodizing over her as the big names of sports journalism—Westbrook Pegler, Paul Gallico and Braven Dyer—listened.

Dyer, now 75 and retired, recalls, "Granny told us he simply could not think of a sport that Babe couldn't master. Pegler was skeptical and said, 'O.K., what about golf?' Granny said, 'All right, golf.' And he sent word down to the field for Babe to come and see him. She trotted up to the press box and Granny said, 'When can we play golf?' She said, 'Tomorrow.' We made the game for the next morning."

Years later in her autobiography Babe insisted that she had never played a round of golf before that morning, that before teeing off she had gotten Olin Dutra, the club pro at the Brentwood course, to show her how to grip the club. However, all the reports of that day (including her own quotes in clippings) indicate that this was the 11th round of golf in her life. In truth she had played a great deal of golf, beginning as a high school student in Beaumont and continuing in Dallas, where she often hit 1,000 balls a day while working as a basketball star and stenographer for an insurance company that supported a lavish sports program.

In any case, the Didrikson myth got another plating of gold, for, as always, Babe delivered when she had to. That morning, using a baseball-style grip, she slugged drive after drive 250 yards, her power and liquid coordination producing a commendable performance from tee to green. But she was a disaster putting. Her score on the front nine was 52; on the back, 43. Had it been any-

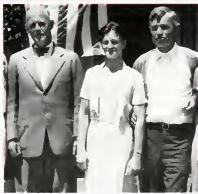
one else, the round would have been forgotten. With Babe, fame began fame. When that ordinary round of golf was finished, the writers pronounced her game astonishing. Rice once more led everyone in hyperbole: "She is the longest hitter women's golf has ever seen—for she has a free, lashing style backed up with championship form and terrific power in strong hands, strong wrists, forearms of steel."

In the afterglow of the Olympics, Babe Didrikson was one of the most famous

York *Evening Post*, in a column devoted to headliners of the past, stated that, "At an age when most people are wondering when the first break is going to come, Mildred Didrikson is one of our most illustrious has-beens." At the time, she was touring Depression America with the bearded House of David baseball team. It was a swift, far fall from the hymns of Grantland Rice.

Babe Didrikson's decline to obscurity began when the AAU questioned her amateur status, the object of investigation

being a red Dodge coupe she got in the fall of 1932. It was an \$835 car: Babe was reportedly making \$90 a month as a stenographer for Employers Casualty Company. She had said she bought the car without a down payment and had arranged payments of \$69 a month—which left her \$5 a week to live on. That sounded unlikely enough. However, it was not until her photograph and name appeared in a Dodge advertisement that the AAU ruled she had violated her amateur status. She was suspended indefinitely. Babe responded to the charges, saying they were "hokey," that she had never given permission for her picture or her words to be used in the ad. The automobile company said that



An Olympic idol, she rubbed shoulders with Rice and Rogers.

people in America. She was reported in training to become a marathon swimmer, her intention being to cross the English Channel and the Hellespont. There were reports of movie contracts, of offers to become a bullfighter in Mexico, a fashion model in London, a professional basketball player for \$65,000 a year. These reports were not true, but Babe's celebrity was such that the papers printed almost anything said about her. Babe met Amelia Earhart, who was then planning one of her long-distance flights—not her fatal one. The aviatrix pleaded with Babe to accompany her, in part because she believed the Didrikson name would add luster to her record attempt.

Then, suddenly—almost as suddenly as it had risen—Babe's comet fell. Two years after the Olympic Games, the New

was true and that an employee had merely taken down verbatim Miss Didrikson's enthusiastic comments when she first looked upon the Dodge. The words she hurled, if the ad or the auto company were to be believed, were these: "Speed—unyielding strength—enduring stamina—that's the stuff that makes real champions, whether they're in the athletic arena or in the world of automobiles." Within a couple of weeks the AAU reversed itself. It was agreed that Babe was a victim of charlatans in advertising. Babe professed to be delighted her suspension had been lifted. But just days later, without a real explanation, she turned professional.

She went to work for the Chrysler Corporation, maker of the lovely little red Dodge coupe she admired so much. She

Levi's® Panatela® chooses Kodel®, the fiber of American life.

A man in a light-colored Levi's Panatela suit is walking down a city street, smiling and looking at two children. The children, a boy and a girl, are also smiling and looking at each other. The boy is holding a newspaper or magazine. The girl is holding a large black bag. The background shows a city street with buildings and a sidewalk.

National Pastime: the relaxing look and feel of Levi's® Panatela® slacks and tops. This is Levi's leisure suit done in a **MILLIKEN VISA®** textured woven fabric of 100% Kodel polyester. Levi's gives you the contemporary Panatela look with all the quality and value you expect. Visa fabrics give you comfort. And Kodel adds the wrinkle-resistance and easy care. Available in a range of men's sizes in a variety of colors. Slacks, made to sell for about \$16. Jacket, about \$27.

Available in the Men's Shop of
**Carson Pirie
Scott & Co.**

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC. (a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company)
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KODEL is Eastman's trademark for this synthetic fiber. Eastman does not make
clothing or apparel and therefore makes no warranties with respect to such products.



Try a martini with white rum instead of gin or vodka.

Noilly Prat recommends it.

That's a recommendation that can't be taken lightly. After all, Noilly Prat is the vermouth of knowledgeable martini drinkers.

And because they are who they are, you won't find them making hasty judgments. It was years before they so much as acknowledged anything other than gin. But when something as smooth as white rum comes along, it can't be ignored.

Smoothness—no accident.

Every drop of white rum from Puerto Rico is specially aged for smoothness. In fact, Puerto Rican law requires that all white rum be kept for at least one full year in white oak casks—call it smoothness insurance.

White rum beats gin and vodka.

Five hundred drinkers participated in a taste test against gin and vodka. Without knowing which was

which (white rum is as clear as gin or vodka), most preferred white rum for taste and smoothness.

Try it tonight.

Combine 5 parts white rum from Puerto Rico with 1 part Noilly Prat extra dry vermouth.

Noilly Prat says it's good.

And if they say it's good
—it's fantastic.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS



appeared at an automobile show in Detroit standing by a display booth signing autographs and playing the harmonica. She did a fine imitation of a locomotive leaving a station, complete with labored puffing and a hooting whistle.

Babe next got an agent, who booked her into the Palace Theater in Chicago where she did an 18-minute act with a piano player and mimic. No Olympic champion ever put on a weirder performance. After her partner warmed up the audience with imitations of Eddie Cantor, Babe came striding down the aisle in a Panama hat and a green swagger coat. She sang *I'm Fit As a Fiddle and Ready for Love*. She played the harmonica. Then she threw off hat and coat to reveal red, white and blue satin shorts. Next she laced up a pair of track shoes and began jogging on a treadmill—faster, faster, faster—to show her Olympic running form. Hurdles were placed on the stage and she leaped over them. The act ended—mercifully—with her driving plastic golf balls into the crowd. After a week in Chicago, there was discussion about Babe joining the RKO vaudeville circuit; this was not as bizarre an idea as it sounds, for she was an excellent harmonica player, but the plan apparently was scrapped.

She headed for New York with her future in doubt. She was a professional all right, but a professional what? She called a press conference to announce that she hoped to spar with Babe Ruth at McGovern's Gym. "I never met the Babe, but gee, I'd like to put the gloves on with him for a while," she said. The following day Babe Didrikson was at McGovern's Gym, but Babe Ruth was not. A couple of weeks later she played her first game of professional basketball. About 2,000 people turned up in a Brooklyn dance hall to see her score nine points for the Brooklyn Yankees, who defeated the Long Island Ducklings 19-16. She earned \$400 for 40 minutes' work. Within the week, she took on Ruth McGinnis, a billiards champion, in a series of well-publicized matches. This was a miscalculation. For McGinnis had spent her childhood practicing in her family's pool hall. She annihilated Didrikson.

Babe was placing herself in a vulnerable position. The personality she had created and promoted during her amateur years was that of a bumpkin who intimidated her opponents by bragging but made every boast come true. Like Muhammad Ali, Babe Didrikson got away with it. Once she began to fail, sports fans were eager to degrade her—and delighted to forget her.

Moreover, the tide of the times was running powerfully against women athletes. In 1923 Mrs. Herbert Hoover had

school bulletin boards reading: *don't BE A MUSCLE MOLL*. Dr. Belle Mead Holm, 50, dean of the women's physical-education department at Lamar University in Babe's hometown of Beaumont, recalls her youth: "My mother used to cry when I played softball. She'd say, 'I just don't want you to grow up to be like Babe Didrikson.'"

Babe's sex life was the subject of many a snide remark. Even Paul Gallico, who had been her friend, wrote callously about the "muscle molls" of the sporting scene, defining them as "women who made possible deliciously frank and biological discussions in the newspapers as to whether this or that woman athlete should be addressed as Miss, Mrs., Mr. or It."

Her records began to be attacked. A leading debunker was Joe Williams, columnist for the New York *World-Telegram*. In 1935 he wrote of Babe: "The same year she became the greatest woman athlete in history, a comparative chart showed that she had not equaled one record made by a masculine high school champion of the same period. If the best woman athlete in the country is not as good as some gawky kid in high school, why waste the effort, why invite the embarrassment of mediocrity, why—well, why not get a seat in the stands and make the big male blokes out there on the cinder track believe you are nuts about them?"

Of course, the women vs. schoolboys argument is specious, somewhat the same as saying Sugar Ray Robinson or Henry Armstrong was not as good as Joe Louis because neither was big enough to beat him. Still, Babe herself acknowledged it was easier for a woman to become a champion than a man because fewer women chose sports as their major pursuit.

This shortage of competition forced Babe to become an itinerant athlete, a sideshow exhibitionist. Roy Doin, a sports promoter from Muscatine, Iowa, set her up with a traveling basketball team called Babe Didrikson's All-Americans. The squad included four men. The All-Americans played a killing schedule of one-night stands. Babe made about



Grown and groomed, she wed George Zoharist

founded a firmly girdled organization called the Women's Division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation. Initially the purpose was to promote what sounded like a good idea: the expansion of sports to reach every woman—"a team for everyone and everyone on a team." But this philosophy ultimately led to competitive sports for women being abolished or reduced to limp exercises. By 1929 the Women's Division was opposing women's participation in the Olympics. Although the organization was unsuccessful in achieving this goal, by the time Babe had arrived at the peak of her skills, competitive sports for women were seriously declining.

In this powder-puff climate, a scullion like Babe became a pariah. Texas physical-education teachers posted signs on

continued

BABE

\$1,000 a month touring and she was a great attraction through the Midwest. People were hungry for entertainment. There were 17,000 movie theaters in the country and people went to the movies in droves to see Busby Berkeley musicals and take their chances on winning a set of dishes in the weekly lottery. Everyone listened to the radio, to *Amos 'n' Andy*, *Kate Smith*, *Fibber McGee and Molly*, *One Man's Family*. Babe's name was well enough known so that her team—usually matched against local townspeople—rarely failed to pull a full house.

In the spring of 1934 she was in Florida and as a gag, and for \$200, she pitched an inning or two at the major league camps. She hurled for the St. Louis Cardinals against the Boston Red Sox, and Bucky Harris, the Boston manager, noted with restrained enthusiasm, "She can handle that old apple with some of the boys."

That summer Babe pitched for the House of David baseball team. Again, the travel was numbing, the sites wide-ranging (200 games from Fort Lauderdale to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho). The centerfielder for the House of David, Emory Olive, now living in Eau Claire, Wis., recalls: "Babe wasn't really all that good a pitcher, so we'd have

her pitch one or two innings, but we'd fix it so the other teams wouldn't score against her. She could hit pretty good, though. Once at Logan Park in Chicago we were playing before 8,000 people and she hit a long line drive that she turned into a homer—it was the only run scored in the game." Babe drove her own car and traveled by herself across country, showing up in the scheduled town just before the game, pitching an inning or so, then leaving for the next town before the game was over.

She was not the only star reduced to House of David competition. Grover Cleveland Alexander, who had retired from the Phillies in 1930 at the age of 43, also pitched for the team. He was, like Babe, paid \$1,500 a month. The other players on the team got between \$300 and \$500 a month. In 1934 11 million people (out of a labor force of 52 million) were out of work. In the garment sweatshops of New York, women made as little as \$2.39 a week. So Babe was doing well.

In September 1934 Babe wrote an old friend, Tiny Scurlock, sports editor of the *Beaumont Journal*. "I said I would not come home again unless I'd made about or not less than \$10,000. Well, I'm ready to come—and I have some. I'm really

earning it. Although I did spend 18 hundred for a new Buick car—which I think I'll trade for a new LaSalle. They're pretty good looking—have you seen them?" She spent money freely on fancy cars, but Babe was a sharp, cautious person with money, always on the lookout for a better way to invest it.

She was generous in supporting her hard-pressed family but Ruth Scurlock, Tiny's widow, remembers how some of Babe's six brothers and sisters "got to be very bitter when she did not give them more, more, more. They had their hands out all the time." One sister who did not was Lillie. Now 66, she fondly remembers the steady stream of gifts. Thumbing through a scrapbook recently, she came upon a photograph of Babe wearing a sleek, silky gown, leaning over a pool table, cue in hand. Lillie chuckled and said, "That there's my wedding gown. Babe sent it to me. She sent me all the clothes they gave her for publicity pictures. Oh, my, I always had lovely things—shoes, dresses, furs. I was better dressed than anybody in Beaumont."

Babe spent much of her extra money on her golf game. She became compulsive about the sport, hitting balls at driving ranges for as much as 10 straight hours when she was not appearing on the baseball or basketball circuit. By 1935 she had become good enough to go on tour with Gene Sarazen, who recalls, "She worked hard. I only know of one golfer who practiced more—Ben Hogan. She learned her golf by watching. She'd stand 10 feet away from me and watch everything I did. Then she'd go out and practice for hours."

Through the years Babe's commitment to sport had affected her social life. At Beaumont High she had few dates. When she was working for Employers Casualty in Dallas, Tiny Scurlock noted, "Babe had no use for 'sheiks' and they soon learned that." Somewhere along the line she did become a smooth, even elegant, ballroom dancer. She dated and apparently dazzled some of the men she traveled with. One was a 6'4" fellow who played for her All-American team, another was the man who managed her tour with Sarazen. When she was on the road with the House of David, she wrote a cryptic letter to Tiny on the stationery of St. Louis' Magister Hotel ("Absolutely 1 reproof, 200 Rooms—200 Baths"):

"I got a letter from home and also a chip-

continued



The old pro shows her soft touch to golfers Betty Dodd (center) and Polly Riley

Camel Filters Leather Shop



The place to save on fine leathers.

Save up to 50% on fine leather merchandise, by mail from the Camel Filters Leather Shop.

Take a look at these values. And place your order today. No proof of purchase required.

1. Latigo visor with Camel Imprint. One size adjusts to fit all. \$4.45 (value to \$6.00)
2. Smooth grained leather vest. Brown. Sizes 36-38, M (40-42), L (44). \$27.45 (value to \$50.00)
3. Leather bush coat. Camel Zip-out pile lining. Even sizes 36-46. \$84.95 (value to \$150.00)
4. Brass Finish Camel buckle with 1-3/4" wide tan latigo belt. Sizes 28-46. \$5.95 (value to \$11.00)
5. Split cowhide CPO jacket. Rust brown, rayon lined. Even sizes 34-46. \$47.95 (value to \$75.00)
6. Leather wine bota with shoulder strap. Polyethylene liner. Holds 1 qt. \$7.95 (value to \$16.00)



Mail to: Camel Filters Leather Shop
P.O. Box 306, Mt. Kisco, NY 10549

Please send me the following merchandise. I certify that I am 21 years of age, or older.

Item	Quantity	Size	Total Cost
Visor \$ 4.45			
Vest 27.45			
Bush Coat 84.95			
Buckle & Belt 5.95			
CPO Jacket 47.95			
Bota 7.95			
Total order \$			

BankAmericard # _____

Master Charge Account # _____

M.C. Interbank _____ Card exp. date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send check, money order or charge. Min. charge acct. \$10.00.
No cash below 4 to 8 weeks for delivery. Other expenses apply. 5%
Vat where prohibited or required. Money back guarantee.



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Domestic Blend

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

1976 Ford LTD Lincolnton



FORD LTD

FORD DIVISION



The best way to introduce the 1976 Ford LTD is to remind you of what we said two years ago.



Here's what we said 2 years ago.

Two years ago, Ford ads like the one reproduced here called car shoppers attention to the things you should look for in a well-made car. Which if nothing else proved that we were convinced that the 1974 Ford LTD could stand up to inspection from informed car buyers. And we're

just as confident that the new 1976 Ford LTD can stand up to that same kind of inspection. And if you'll compare the new Ford LTD, we think you'll see why we brought up the subject in the first place.

Here's what 1974 car owners told us recently.

Most car manufacturers talk about making a well-built car. And in that sense we're no different. However, we're not content to just rest on our opinion.

So this year Ford conducted a nationwide survey of thousands of 1974 model year car owners to find out about any troubles they had in a number of areas relating to body quality and durability. Areas like squeaks and rattles, paint, windows, doors and locks. An average of 35% of

all those surveyed responded. And in that survey, fewer Ford LTD owners reported troubles developing in these areas over the past 12 months than did owners of Chevrolet Impala, Plymouth Fury and Chrysler — and about the same as even Cadillac owners.

Of course, that doesn't prove that Ford LTD is the best built car, but it probably does say that you should look at the new LTD before you consider buying anything else. You'll find that Ford means value.

**The closer you look, the better we look.
See your local Ford dealer.**

A man with blonde hair, wearing a dark blazer, white shirt, and patterned tie, is seated outdoors. He is leaning back slightly, with his right hand resting on his lap and his left hand on the back of a wicker chair. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with trees and a white fence.

**A BLAZE
OF COLOR FOR
FALL: THE
JACK NICKLAUS®
BLAZER.**

Leave it to Jack and Hart Schaffner & Marx to come up with a blazer that swings so stylishly into fall. Colorful. Comfortable. A blazer you'll wear again and again and again. The 100% texturized polyester fabric has just the right amount of stretch. And the styling has just the right amount of flair for big business or the big game. Available in a gallery of fall colors.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX 

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BABE continued

ping which I will enclose about it being said from Walter Winchells Column that I was married or going to be—well, he may be right, but I'm not saying a thing. I may be married, but if so it isn't to one of the Wisker boys—I'll guarantee you that."

In 1938 Babe met wrestler George Zaharias. He was a large fellow, jolly and bombastic, six feet tall, 225 pounds. They were introduced while playing in the Los Angeles Open. (Babe was one of two women to qualify and play in this major event. The other was Alice Bauer.) The day after they met, Babe took George home to meet her sister Lillie and her mother, who were living with her near the Paramount studios. Lillie recalls: "The day she brought George home she said, 'Lillie, fix your hair, we're havin' company tonight.' Then I saw that big ol' man standin' at the door, and I thought, 'Lord! Where'd he come from?' And my Mama she made Norwegian meatballs for dinner. Babe, she didn't fall in love till George come along. But he was it!"

George recalls that night, too: "When I got ready to leave, Babe's mother patted me on the cheek and said, 'My Babe likes you.' Everything was O.K. with everyone right from the start. After that, I was always looking for her at driving ranges, and she'd leave me notes that said, 'Romance was here.' I was wrestling every night. I never took her to the matches. She didn't like them because she thought I might get hurt."

They were married in December in St. Louis. Leo Durocher and Ducky Medwick of the St. Louis Cardinals were members of the wedding. George was making \$100,000 a year from his profession. He was a performer, a promoter, an all-round hustler. He would be in and out of many investments and schemes over the years—some successful, such as the Beverly Hills clothing shop where Damon Runyon and Charlie Chaplin bought their suits, some not, such as the San Diego Gunners, a pro football team in the Pacific Coast American League. He lost tens of thousands of dollars on the Gunners, and dropped more money on a Denver hotel, of which Babe said after her first look at the premises, "George, the only way you're gonna make a profit on these rooms is to rent them by the hour."

Life for the couple was idyllic for a long

while. George traveled almost everywhere with Babe, trailing her around golf courses all over the country. He was devoted to her, almost like a child. Golf Promoter Fred Corcoran recalls a night when he and George were dining at Al Schacht's, a New York restaurant, and Babe was playing in the Texas Open. "George kept getting up with his big napkin tucked under his chin and calling people to find out how she did. Finally Schacht got a report from the Associated Press. He came to our table and said, 'Well, Babe lost but it was real close.' I said, 'How close?' and he said, 'Ten to nine.' I told him, Al, you mean 10 and 9. That's not close, that's the worst defeat of her life." George stared at us, blinked and walked right out of the restaurant with the napkin still under his chin. I think he cried all night."

Many of Babe's friends did not care for George, a man of gross appetite who ballooned to well over 300 pounds. The Zaharias' hotel rooms were always filled with hams, beef roasts, wheels of cheese, cases of beer. George used to buy olive oil by the gallon, pour it on his plate and dunk slabs of bread in it. He would take a quarter-pound stick of butter, peel off the wrapper and eat it like a banana.

By the late '40s the Zaharias marriage was becoming strained, problems occurring after George gave up wrestling and his own business activities to promote Babe. Increasingly, he sought to control her, to manage her career and cause her to succeed through his promotional schemes. Once during a trip to New York with golfer Betty Dodd, Babe appeared on several television shows, including Ed Sullivan's, and squeezed cash payments—\$1,500 here, \$1,000 there—from producers. Elated, she telephoned George in Tampa. "Honey, I've made \$6,000!" she said. Betty Dodd recalls: "George was furious and told her to get home. He knew he was losing control of her, that she didn't need him. She hung up the phone and said to me, 'Damn him! If he thinks I'm going to go home so he can book me for \$300 in some exhibition, he's crazy!' The separations became more frequent, but only partly because of professional commitments. There were discussions of divorce. "Babe loved George, but she pulled herself up nine miles over him," says Betty Dodd. "She was always welcome anywhere, George was not."

Betty Dodd had made her debut on the Ladies' Professional Golf tour in 1952. One of Babe's longtime friends, Bertha Bowen, had asked Babe to look out for Betty. Mrs. Bowen says: "When they met they liked one another right away. Betty was from a good family—her father was a general—and she had many advantages Babe did not have. But Betty would go around looking just awful. People didn't know if she was a girl or a boy. I remember coming home one day and Babe was giving Betty a permanent. She kept screaming at her, 'Sit still! Years ago Bertha made a lady out of me and I'm gonna make a lady out of you!'"

Betty Dodd never did learn to primp and powder herself. She was a natural athlete who had no interest in looking feminine. She was a fine guitar player with a good voice that blended perfectly with Babe's wailing harmonica. Soon after they met, the women began rooming together and their attachment grew in intensity. Betty says, "When our relationship first started I'd be with her for two or three tournaments, then she'd go back to Tampa. George thought she should be there with him. Well, no one stopped him from being on the tour, but he blamed me if she didn't want to go home. I had such admiration for this fabulous person. She was the most famous person in the world and I was her protégé. She was very unpredictable, though. At times she'd act like she didn't know me. I never wanted to be away from her even when she was dying of cancer. Loved her. I would have done anything for her." The affection between the two women became stronger as Babe drew near death.

Yet Babe never totally rejected George. Indeed, on the day in 1953 when she learned she had cancer, the depth of Babe's feeling toward her husband was plain. "She came back from the doctor's office and she was ghastly white," Bertha Bowen says. "Her lips were a thin line. She walked into their bedroom and threw a big brown pocketbook on a chair and said, 'B.B. I've got it, the worst kind. I'm not worried about myself, I'm only worried about George.'"

NEXT WEEK

Golf was her glory. She made the pro game, and it made her. And then, at 45, it was over, her last round played.

Bo's boys lose the boos

Fit to be tied no more, Michigan wins and gets some critical acclaim

Rick Leach, an 18-year-old Michigan freshman, was faced with a situation last Saturday that should have turned his Adam's apple into a grapefruit. Before 104,578 people packed into Michigan Stadium, he started at quarterback against undefeated fifth-ranked Missouri. Here he was still humming the tunes from his high school senior prom and now he was supposed to lead the Wolverines (No. 14 in the UPI poll) out of the wilderness and back into the promised Top Ten. It did not help that Michigan had suffered its second straight home-field tie the week before and had

been booed by its fickle fans. And it was not propitious that the last invader to win at Michigan Stadium—back in 1969—was Missouri.

In this situation, Coach Bo Schembechler decided to deliver a commandment to Leach and the rest of his young team. "I told them that the only person they have to please is Bo Schembechler," he said later. "If they please me, I don't care a bit what anybody in the stands says."

Please Bo is just what they did. Leach stayed as calm as if he were sailing a Frisbee in the park with nobody watching but the squirrels. He carried the ball 13 times on quarterback options and broken pass plays, averaged 7.5 yards a carry, scored a touchdown and survived a tackle that nearly caved in his sternum. The defense, led by Middle Guard Tim Davis, hotked up Missouri most of the afternoon and Michigan won handily 31-7.

Leach, who was all-state in football, baseball and basketball at Southwestern High in Flint, Mich. and a member of the 1974 national champion Connie Mack baseball team, was drafted 11th by the Philadelphia Phillies last summer. He was told he would have been picked in the first round but he had let it be known

he was going to Michigan, where his father and uncle played on the Wolverines' first national championship baseball team in 1953.

"This kid was just born to compete," says Schembechler. "It's something inside him. He always wants a little tougher challenge."

Schembechler himself got a bit of a challenge from the press in the days leading up to the game. Prodded about the boos, he bristled a bit, and the *Detroit Free Press* quoted him as saying, "You can see all the crying going on, but you don't see the players crying and you don't see the coaches crying. You see the fans crying. . . and, frankly, we don't give a damn about the fans."

Not give a damn about all those thousands of boosters who pack Michigan Stadium? *Free Press* sports columnist Joe Falls, who wrote a biography of Bo, jumped on the quote with both feet. "When is my boy Bo Schembechler going to be able to accept some adversity? Every time something goes wrong, or doesn't go his way, he begins crying like a baby."

The oddsmakers, who certainly knew about Michigan's 37-game unbeaten streak at home, established the Wolverines as eight-point favorites even before word got out that Missouri was flying in without its best runner, Tony Galbreath, who had re-injured an ankle against Wisconsin the previous Saturday. There were Michigan pessimists, however, who feared that Missouri's junior Quarterback Steve Pisarkiewicz would pass the Wolverines crazy, just as Stanford's Mike Corden had two weeks before.

Michigan had practiced and played in chilly, rainy weather most of the young season, but Saturday was sunny and bright. It got sunnier and brighter yet when Michigan took the opening kickoff and, behind the running of Leach, Fullback Rob Lytle and Tailback Gordon Bell, marched for a touchdown in 13 plays. Three times in the series Leach carried for eight or more yards. Lytle scored from the one, the kick was good and the Wolverines led 7-0.

It wasn't so simple after that. Leach's left-handed passes were not finding receivers, and early in the second quarter a rollout pass was intercepted. He was hit hard just as he threw and did not play again in the half. Junior Mark Elzinga, who had started ahead of Leach in the



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Baylor game, came in. Just before half-time, Elzinga, Bell and Lytle moved Michigan from its own 20 to the Missouri 23, from where little Bob Wood kicked a 40-yard field goal. It was his eighth in four games and tied the school season record.

Missouri opened the second half by battling to the Michigan 29, but a fumble ruined the drive and Michigan scored the next two times it had the ball, Lytle on a 19-yard run through a huge hole and Leach 12 yards up the middle on a broken pass play. Leach was an effective runner all afternoon, but his passing—one completion in five attempts, plus an interception—is not going to petrify future opponents.

Michigan led 24-0 at the end of the third quarter, and it was time for Schembechler to test another freshman, Tailback Harlan Huckleby. That name makes it sound as if he should be fishing from a raft on the Mississippi. Instead, Huckleby is a high-speed sports model developed in Detroit. He ran the 220 in 21.5 at 15, the 100-yard dash in 9.5 at 16 and was the state high school champion in both events.

"I want to tell you, he's fast," Schembechler said early in the week. "He's about the fastest we've got."

So when Huckleby took a pitchout and started careening around left end at the Missouri 11, and the Missouri cornerback raced straight in instead of drifting to the sideline for a less difficult angle, Schembechler chuckled and thought, "I don't believe he knows how fast this kid is."

Before you could say Harlan Huckleby, he turned the corner and zipped in for Michigan's fourth touchdown. Missouri's second-string quarterback, Pete Woods (his mother was the first woman editor of *The Michigan Daily*), tossed a five-yard touchdown pass with 1:09 to go to avoid a shutout.

It was Schembechler's 100th head-coaching victory and his reward was to be thrown fully clothed into the shower, which was not a bad place to be after the heat down on the Tartan Turf of the stadium.

"We're not a great team yet," he said, smiling and dripping. "We're a young, struggling team. We'll get better as the season goes along. We just need time to do it."

You've got seven weeks, Bo. Then Ohio State comes to town.

THE WEEK

by RON REID

MIDWEST

Ara Parseghian established the precedent in 1966 at Notre Dame and now Bill Mallory will be answering for it at Colorado. Mallory elected to play for a tie rather than a win against Oklahoma when his team scored a late touchdown to draw within one point of the Sooners. Doubling a two-point conversion try that if successful would have given the Buffs an upset victory (and ended Oklahoma's unbeaten streak at 32 games), Mallory sent in Tom Mackenzie, a senior soccer-style kicker, to boot the "automatic" one-pointer with 1:19 left to play. Mackenzie, who had hit 16 in succession previously, was wide to the left and Colorado had not a tie or a win but a 21-20 defeat, its first of the year. For those who believe in playing to win, it was poetic justice. For Mallory, it was sound strategy that misfired.

"The decision was mine and mine alone," Mallory said. "Why go for a tie? Right now it's early in the season. A tie could win the Big Eight championship for us. That's what I was thinking and if I had it to do over, I'd do it again."

Mackenzie, it should be known, did not have his regular holder on the field for the fateful kick. Paul Krause, the starting wingback who handles the job, left the game with a knee injury in the first half and did not return. There were no mechanical problems, however, the kick just missed. But the loss of Krause, if not the game, left Mallory fuming, mostly over the NCAA rule limiting rosters to 48 players. "This 48-man thing is really great," he said sarcastically. "We ought to send the NCAA a thank-you note."

Whatever, no legislation has been drafted to vitiate Oklahoma's Joe Washington, Rushing for 89 yards on 16 carries, Washington scored two touchdowns, one on a 74-yard punt return, and his 19-yard run set up the final Oklahoma touchdown.

The Sooners, however, were outplayed for the second week in succession. Lost fumbles enabled Colorado to tie the game at 14-14 and the Buffaloes had a 208-177 advantage in total yards.

With Colorado passing up its chance at a major upset, Michigan State stepped into the breach by knocking off Notre Dame 10-3. It was the first time in 49 games that the Irish failed to score a touchdown, and up until the last four minutes it looked as though no one would. But on a play the Spartans call "Site Right," Tyrone Wilson got loose on

a 76-yard sprint to the Notre Dame four-yard line. One play later, Levi Jackson scored on a pinchout around right end. Notre Dame lost three fumbles and had two passes picked off as a hard-hitting Michigan State defense, led by Linebacker Kim Rowe-kamp, killed scoring opportunities and nullified good field position.

"This was the most disappointing loss of my entire career," Dan Devine said of his first at Notre Dame. "I don't know why. Maybe it's because I thought we could always win it."

While Michigan was regaining its predicted form, the rest of the Big Ten was showing little. Illinois stopped Washington State 27-21 and Minnesota blanked Ohio University 21-0, but Miami of Ohio knocked off Purdue 14-3 and Kansas eviscerated Wisconsin 41-7.

Not much more was expected of Iowa when the Hawkeyes met USC, but John McKay knew better. "If we're the No. 3 team in the nation," McKay said of his Trojans, "then this country is in trouble."

He was almost a prophet. After the first 15 plays, Iowa led 10-0 and the Hawkeyes were still on top at the half, 16-7. USC got untracked in the second half, however, for a 27-16 victory. Ricky Bell, Troy's workhorse tailback, rushed for 163 yards on 26 carries despite a swollen knee.

McKay credited Iowa with "a helluva game. They are one of the best D-4 teams in the country," he said, which could be considered faint praise. But he was not charitable at all about the Hawkeye fans. "You can tell everyone for me that Iowa's fans are lousy," he said. "They not only called our players foul names, but with five minutes to go they started pelting us with fruit and beer cans. And some of those fans were stupid enough not to drink the beer first."

In other intersectional matchups, fourth-ranked Nebraska rallied behind the quarterbacking of Vince Ferragamo for a 31-16 victory over Miami of Florida, and Texas A&M remained unbeaten by stopping Kansas State, 10-0.

1. Ohio State (4-2)

2. Oklahoma (4-0) 3. Nebraska (4-0)

SOUTHWEST

Nursing several injuries and looking ahead to this week's game with Oklahoma, Texas should have been ripe for some bad moments at the hands of Utah State. But no, the only problem Darrell Royal experienced in the Longhorns' 61-7 victory was keeping his regulars on the field long enough to get some exercise. Most of them were on the bench after the first quarter, in which Texas took a 21-0 lead.

A master at finding a dark lining in a silver cloud, Royal said, "I thought we played

continued

good football. It was against a team we had out-persuaded and we were able to get our good players out early. But when you do that, they may condition that they are going to really need next week."

In the Cotton Bowl, West Virginia's King Arthur Owens performed regally in leading the unbeaten Mountaineers to a 28-22 conquest of SMU. Owens, a 175-pound senior running back, ripped through the Mustang defense for 171 yards on 19 carries, while Dwayne Woods, his backup, rushed for 103 yards and three touchdowns. The Mountaineers might have done even better but for nine penalties and six turnovers.

In other games, Oklahoma State came back in the fourth quarter to nip Texas Tech 17-16, and Arkansas beat TCU 19-8.

1. Texas (4-0)

2. Texas A&M (4-0) 3. Arkansas (3-1)

SOUTH Auburn was ranked seventh in some preseason polls, but the Tigers are looking more like 75th while making Shug Jordan's last season a nightmare. After a 23-16 loss to underdog Virginia Tech, Auburn has an 0-3-1 record and its worst start since 1950, the year before Jordan became head coach. Obviously Shug expected better in his silver anniversary season than the leaden feeling he has known for four weeks. "I'm not happy," Jordan said, "and when I'm not happy, I don't like many happy people around me."

Virginia Tech maintained Jordan's black mood by racking up 404 yards total offense, which included Roscoe Coles' 89-yard touchdown run on the second play of the second half. It was the longest scoring play against Auburn in 11 years. Adding insult, the Gobblers stopped Auburn's offense in the final seconds of the game. With a chance to win or tie, the Tigers took four shots from the Virginia Tech five-yard line and gained but a single yard.

Misery also prevailed in Baton Rouge, where LSU made the mistake of inviting Florida to be its homecoming opponent. A loser in only two homecoming games in 20 years—both times to Florida—the Tigers were savaged 34-6, much to the disappointment of 67,495 fans.

Quarterback Don Gaffney sparked the Gators by throwing two touchdown passes in the opening quarter before he ran for a second-quarter score. LSU overed a shut-out when Quarterback Pat Lyons connected on a four-yard pass to Carl Trimble in the last 36 seconds.

Alabama's 32-6 victory over Mississippi came early and kept the Crimson Tide on top of the Southeastern Conference race with Florida. Bear Bryant led 58 of his 60 players in the contest and was especially pleased with freshman Quarterback Jeff Rutledge and sophomore Running Back Johnny Du-

vis. Rutledge rushed for 38 yards and directed two second-half drives that led to a field goal and a touchdown. Davis was the game's leading ground gainer with 61 yards on 13 carries, and also scored a touchdown. The Tide's defensive hero was Leroy Cook, a 6'3", 220-pound end who sacked the quarterback twice, made seven tackles and forced a fumble that Alabama recovered to set up a touchdown.

Steve Randle, a Georgia Tech receiver, had the best game of his career in leading the Yellow Jackets to a 30-0 rout of Florida State. Tech's third victory in four games. Randle caught a 42-yard touchdown pass from Quarterback Danny Myers and scored two other touchdowns on end-arounds of 17 and 24 yards. His running masterfully impressed Coach Pepper Rodgers more than his reception. "A slow-footed gorilla could have caught that touchdown pass," Rodgers said. "He was 50 yards open."

"Blowing the other team out is the only way to win," said Georgia Running Back Kevin McLee. "When we get inside the five-yard line, I just run as hard as I can. Head contact ain't going to hurt me." Obviously it didn't against Clemson, which McLee stung for four touchdowns in leading the

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Senior Running Back King Arthur Owens slashed through SMU's defense like Excalibur, gaining 171 yards on 19 carries to lead unbeaten West Virginia to its 28-22 victory, the surprising Mountaineers' fourth in a row.

DEFENSE: Michigan State Linebacker Kim Rowsekamp, a 6'3", 240-pound junior, guided the defense that refused to let Notre Dame cross the goal line. Rowsekamp intercepted a pass and was credited with 15 tackles in MSU's 19-7 win.

Bulldogs to a 35-7 rout. McLee rushed for 103 yards on 23 carries, scoring on three one-yard smashes and a three-yard bounce. Glynis Harrison, who picked up 107 yards in 16 carries, got the other touchdown on a 10-yard run. Georgia scored 21 points in the first 17 minutes and finished with 366 yards on the ground. The Bulldogs say their game plan, in contrast to last season's pass offense, is very simple. "We just line up and hit the first man who comes our way," says Guard Joel Parrish.

It was not that easy for Maryland, which lost a fumble, gave up an interception and suffered 119 yards in penalties before beating Syracuse 24-7. The Terrapins didn't put the game out of reach until early in the fourth quarter when Defensive Guard Paul Davito recovered a fumble by Syracuse Quarterback Bob Meach at the Orange 38-yard line. After two procedure infractions, Maryland survived a goal-line fumble to boost its

lead 19-17 prior to Maryland's 100 yards at 3-1, while Syracuse suffered its first loss.

Up next, North Carolina edged Virginia 31-26, Vanderbilt topped Tulane 6-3, North Carolina State blanked Indiana 27-0 and South Carolina upset Baylor 24-13.

1. Alabama (3-1)

2. Florida (3-1) 3. Tennessee (2-1)

WEST

It was only momentary, but post-ranked Ohio State looked vulnerable in the opening quarter of its nationally televised matchup with UCLA. Archie Griffin, of all people, lost a fumble. Raymond Burks recovered for the Bruins, and in seven plays Quarterback John Scarra marched his mates 73 yards to a 7-0 lead. Stop the game. Alas, there were still more than 50 minutes left, and when they were gone the Buckeyes had crushed the Bruins 41-20. On their next six possessions after the fumble, the unbeaten Buckies scored five touchdowns and a field goal before the Bruins scored twice—when it no longer mattered. Griffin finished with 160 yards on 21 carries, one of which was an 18-yard touchdown run. His work was matched, if not overshadowed, by the performance of Quarterback Cornelius Greenie. In his first game of the year, Greene rushed for 120 yards and two touchdowns, passed for 98 yards and set up the other Ohio State scores. Fullback Pete Johnson scored twice to run his touchdown total to 11 in four games.

"We have a lot of weapons on our backfield and we went into the game intending to use them all," said Woody Hayes. "I think we should be No. 1. I do, of course, think I am biased." Maybe so, but John Scarra, for one, agreed with Woody. "They have the best offensive team in the United States," he said.

Like UCLA, San Jose State suffered its first loss of the season, but with a lot more heartbreak. Rallying from a 20-10 halftime deficit to gain a 24-20 lead over California, the Spartans were stunned one minute and eight seconds from the end when Joe Roth connected on a 46-yard bomb to Wesley Walker. Earlier in the 78-yard drive, Roth completed a third-and-long pass to Chuck Munce.

"When I was in high school," Walker said, "I dreamed of just that kind of big play to win the game. I took the defender outside and then cut inside, and Joe had it right on my fingers. This was a dream come true."

In contrast, Stanford proved a nightmare for Army, the Cards blizzing the Cadets 67-14. Mike Cordova threw four touchdown passes, and Mike Langford booted eight (of eight) extra points and added a field goal.

Moving up a notch to Division I competition, Grambling parlayed 445 yards total offense with uncanny defensive strength to beat winless Oregon State 19-12. Losing 13-10, the Beavers had a first down on the

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

Grambling three but failed to score. Grambling iced the contest with 59 seconds left when Douglas Williams threw a 47-yard touchdown pass to Dwight Scales. Oregon also is still looking for its first victory after bowing to Washington 27-17.

In other games, Arizona bombed Northwestern 41-6, Arizona State handled Idaho 29-3, BYU edged New Mexico 16-15 and San Diego State routed Fullerton 59-14.

1. USC (4-0)

2. Arizona (3-0) 3. Arizona State (4-0)

EAST

A week earlier, Air Force had scored an upset of sorts by playing UCLA to a 20-20 tie, but the implication of that deadlock was lost on Navy, one of the most improved teams in the country. At Washington's RJK Stadium, the Midshipmen controlled both sides of the line of scrimmage for a 17-0 victory, Navy's third in four games and its best since 1967.

Navy's offense was sparked by Gerry Goodwin, who gained 132 yards on 19 carries and scored his sixth touchdown of the year on a 10-yard run. The Middies' tenacious defense never allowed the Falcons inside the 32-yard line.

Pittsburgh's defense also was dominant in the Panthers' 14-0 defeat of Duke. Pitt limited the Blue Devils to two yards rushing in the first half and 33 all told.

Penn State benefited from penalties but still had to hold off a late drive for a 10-3 win over Kentucky. A personal foul call against the Wildcats gave the Lions field position for Chris Bahr's 29-yard field goal and a holding penalty later nullified Sonny Collins' 33-yard run to the Statue 15.

Setting a record of sorts, Hawaii flew 5,000 miles to New Brunswick, N.J.—at a cost of about \$35,000—to score three points. Rutgers, rude host, scored seven.

In other games, Princeton beat Columbia 27-7, Brown whipped Penn 17-8, Boston University stopped Harvard 13-9; Yale defeated Colgate 24-10, Temple edged Cincinnati 21-17; and Boston College crushed Villanova 41-12.

Brown's victory was its sixth in a row over a two-year span—look out, Oklahoma—as Bob Bateman ran for one touchdown and passed for another. Harvard held a 9-7 lead against Boston U. late in the game, but Peter Kessel gathered in a 45-yard pass from Greg Gieger to give the Terriers the win. Colgate committed four turnovers, which Yale turned into three scores before a sparse Yale Bowl "crowd" of 13,758. Temple handed Cincinnati its first loss of the season, while Boston College, with Quarterback Mike Kruczek completing 12 of 16 passes for 208 yards, wallowed Villanova.

5. Penn State (4-1)

2. West Virginia (4-0) 3. Pittsburgh (3-0)

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IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



Water roaring through spillways at Ice Harbor Dam is no problem in the spring. In the fall, engineers try to avoid it, using computer control to conserve energy.

Saving energy in the Pacific Northwest

Three dams on the lower Snake River in Washington can generate over 1.2 million kilowatts—enough to supply 200,000 homes. An IBM computer makes sure they do it with the least possible waste of energy.

The spillways and turbines at each dam are linked to a single computer, which controls them automatically to get the most power and the least spillage from any given level of water flow.

"In the spring, when we've got plenty of water coming down, the control problem isn't critical," says project engineer Gordon Richardson. "But in late summer and early fall we don't want to spill anything if we can help it. The computer gives us the control to maintain the maximum head of water

at each dam and still sustain our power load at the top level."

The computer receives information about water height, rates of flow and power levels from 96 sensing devices at the three dams. It reacts immediately to open or close the spillways and direct water to the turbines.

"Things change too often to control these dams any other way," says Richardson. "You have to keep changing your calculations all the time to cope with what the river's doing. With the computer we can handle it and know that we're maximizing efficiency. We get the most power we can out of the water that comes down to us. And that helps to keep the cost of power down for all the consumers served by the Northwest Power Grid."

How to keep up with 3,000 medical journals

Today a doctor, research scientist, nurse or medical student can pick up a phone at a computer terminal in 300 bio-medical institutions throughout the U.S. and get a list of the latest articles on any medical subject in minutes.

The system is called Medline, and its center is an IBM computer at the National Library of Medicine in Bethesda, Maryland. Medline contains detailed references to more than half a million medical articles published during the last three years. And 3,000 journals from some 70 countries are indexed regularly to keep it up-to-date.

In the past year Medline has been used more than 270,000 times. Agreements between the NLM and institutions in seven nations and the World Health Organization make these computerized reference retrieval services available to physicians and scientists in other countries.



An up-to-the-minute reading list on any medical subject can be obtained at 300 computer terminals in medical libraries throughout the U.S.



Pathologist Dr. Donald McGrew studies slide of a malignant melanoma (skin cancer).

Keeping the pumps working in Savannah

Most of Savannah, Georgia, is only five to ten feet above sea level. This, plus the soft sandiness of the soil, requires shallow sewer depths. Sixty-five pumping stations are needed to transport waste water to the central water pollution control plant—making the reliable performance of the pumps critical.

To help assure their reliability, all 65 stations are monitored by an IBM computer.

Until 1974, when the computer was installed, the maintenance crews had to spend most of their time travelling in order to check all the stations just once a day.

"If something went wrong just after a check," says water pollution control administrator Don Bowman, "we wouldn't find out about it until the next day. But now our men can respond immediately. And they get twice as much time for normal maintenance, because of all the travel time we save."



A computer helps monitor the pollution-control pumps essential to the city of Savannah, which is just above sea level.

Cancer tracked in a hot climate

In Visalia, California, a small farming town near Fresno, Dr. Donald McGrew is using an IBM computer to record cancer cases and follow up on their treatment. He keeps the records for the Kaweah Regional Tumor Board, which is accredited by the American College of Surgeons.

A full report on each patient is stored in the computer, containing background information, diagnosis, treatment and current condition.

"The board reviews about four new cases a week," says Dr. McGrew. "The computer can summarize our experience in similar cases very quickly. And our experience here may differ from the norm. We have three blistering summer months here, with temperatures over 100 degrees, and we get more malignant melanoma than the average."

Doctors can use this information in arriving at diagnoses and prescribing the most effective forms of treatment for their patients.

Computation costs drop. In the midst of inflation, one cost has been going down dramatically—the cost of a computer calculation. In 1952, based on monthly system rental, it cost \$1.29 to do 100,000 multiplications on an IBM computer. Today, they can be done for a penny, resulting in major savings in overall computing costs. This has helped give the computer a much wider range of uses.



Toward more effective smog control

Most people who have ever lived in an urban center plagued by photochemical smog, which results from a combination of auto exhaust fumes and sunlight, would agree on two things—it is very unpleasant and ought to be eliminated. One problem is that the complex chemical reactions which produce smog are poorly understood.

Scientists Heinrich Hunziker and H. Russell Wendt have taken a step toward understanding at least part of the process. Working at IBM's San Jose Research Laboratory, they developed a method which identified the frequencies at which a key smog component,

called the hydroperoxyl radical (HO_2), absorbs infrared light. This gives researchers, for the first time, an unmistakable way of identifying the presence of the radical, and thus may help in determining the reactions which create photochemical smog.

Other IBM scientists are using an IBM computer to predict the properties of HO_2 and related smog components, helping to build a better scientific basis for smog control.

IBM



WHAT CHANGED THE HARSH LIFE OF THE COUNTRY INTO THE GOOD COUNTRY LIFE?

Isolated by distance, rural America was beyond the reach of the comforts of the city. Coal-burning stoves and drafty fireplaces were a way of life.

Until 1928. When a new system for delivering liquified petroleum gas — using trucks with pumps that went where gas lines didn't — brought true "gas main service" past the city limits.

Who originated this work-saving,



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gas distribution system that helped change the harsh life into the good life?

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The Performance Company

Driving a very offensive line

As expected, Niki Lauda took his fifth Grand Prix of the year at Watkins Glen, but his Ferrari teammate, Clay Regazzoni, treated the race like it was a free-agent tryout in Green Bay



FITTFALDI WAS RIGHT ON HIS TAIL (ABOVE) UNTIL THE WORLD CHAMPION (BELOW) FOUND HIMSELF A BLOCKER

On the face of it, there was little to be decided last Sunday at the United States Grand Prix. Niki Lauda of Austria had locked up the world driver's championship a month earlier at Monza in the Italian Grand Prix, giving the venerable marque of Team Ferrari its first Formula 1 title since John Surtees turned the trick in 1964. That left only the distribution of \$350,000 in prize money at Watkins Glen up in the air. Or so it seemed. Actually, though, there were two new wrinkles—on the face of it.

The freakiest was an automobile revealed by Team Tyrrell just a few weeks before the race, a six-wheeled Grand Prix car for next season. Though the weird contraption did not appear at the Glen, the very thought of it left race buffs gasping (or gagging). Six wheels? O.K., so the tiny front four are intended to reduce aerodynamic drag and thus increase speed, a commodity devoutly to be wished by the outfit that had won three world championships under the subtle foot of Jackie Stewart but only three races in as many seasons since his retirement. Still, six wheels? Could Owner-Constructor Ken Tyrrell, the heretofore sensible English lumber baron, be serious? Right-o. In fact, \$70,000 worth.

The other and more sobering wrinkle was exactly that—a new bond in the 3.37-mile Glen circuit. Installed at the foot of the notorious uphill esses on the course's north-east corner, it quickly came to be known as the One-Lane Car-Devouring Chicane. The bend, a sharp righthander, was intended to slow the speeds of the cars as they climbed the esses, topping out in fourth gear at 140 mph. An error at that point had killed Stewart's teammate, François Cevert, two years ago and may have contributed to the death of Team Surtees driver Helmut Koinigg in a further bend last year. By slowing cars to 80 mph through its kinky length, the intent of the chicane was to defang the snakey esses. Instead, it began gobbling up machinery in its own right, though at lower and thus less disastrous speeds.

First to get munched was Vittorio Brambilla, at 37 the oldest and perhaps



the wildest Formula 1 driver extant. You remember Vito—he's the dude who won the rain-shortened Austrian Grand Prix last August and then, in his excitement, lost control of his car while waving to the crowd on the victory lap and crashed. This time he merely stacked his Beta March into the chicane's catch fence, nearly totaling it, but emerging uninjured. No one was terribly surprised. But the next day when Brett Lunger, an American not recently noted for recklessness, did the same thing in his Hesketh, with no traffic around, people began looking askance at the chicane. Lungner

continued

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MOTOR SPORTS *continues*

was philosophical. "It's irrelevant," he said. "The chicane is neither a good thing nor a bad thing. It's just there and you have to drive through it."

The Glen's management was not so nonchalant. To ensure no horrific pile-ups in the chicane during the first lap of the race, when 24 race cars would be trying to squeeze through the one-lane bottleneck, it was decreed that the first transit of the bend would be conducted under a yellow flag, no passing permitted. Whether the drivers would obey remained to be seen.

With a strong west wind snapping the flags and the flaxen hair of pit kittens, the race got under way nearly half an hour late—a delay occasioned in part by the chicane decision—and by golly the boys behaved themselves, for a while at least. Pole-sitter Lauda won the drug race up the coasts, with Emerson Fittipaldi, last year's world champion, right and tight behind him. That was a disappointing start, though, for some of the sentimental favorites. Lella Lombardi, the only woman Grand Prix driver, blew her engine on the warmup lap and was out. John Watson, a young Irishman filling in for the late Mark Donohue on Roger Penske's team, developed engine woes in the faster of his two machines and was forced to start with the slower. Mauro Andreotti, in the only all-American driver-car combination, had qualified his Parnelli in fifth spot and made a good race of it for 10 laps, but sprung an oil leak while running fourth and retired.

There were shunts and bunts enough in the early going to satisfy even the greediest of the body-shop owners. Tony Brise, the promising young Englishman who had enveloped the Long Beach Formula 5000 race a week earlier, lost a rear wheel on his Embassy Hill when he slid into a turn behind a couple of entangled rookies. Patrick Depailler, in a Tyrrell, and Carlos Pace, in a Brabham, bumped tires on a backstretch corner and smacked a fence—out but unhurt.

But the real excitement, for the first third of the race at least, involved the nose-to-tail pursuit race between Lauda and Fittipaldi. They quickly opened up a 12-second advantage on the pack, with Lauda holding on to a scant one-second lead and feeling the pressure. Through traffic Fittipaldi was clearly quicker, yet could not get past the new champ. Then, on the 19th of the race's 59 laps, Lauda's teammate, Clay Regazzoni, forced his

way into the act. As the leaders came up to lap him, Regazzoni cannily inscribed himself between Lauda and Fittipaldi. There ensued one of the finest examples of blocking since Jerry Kramer and Fuzzy Thurston were leading the Green Bay power sweep. As the track announcer put it, "Regazzoni is now driving the widest Ferrari ever built." Fittipaldi tried every wile in his considerable racing bag, but to no avail. Regazzoni was clearly in violation of the rule stipulating that when cars are not in direct contention the slower-moving must give way. Eventually, each time Fittipaldi swept past the pits the usually mild-mannered Brazilian was reduced to shaking his fist at the Ferrari crew, the fans, the officials and, mainly, Regazzoni. Finally the course marshals ordered in the blocker, but even then Regazzoni cruised leisurely to the pits.

And when he did, with Fittipaldi now more than 12 seconds to the rear, who was brazenly standing at the head of pit row but the Ferrari team manager, a 26-year-old Roman attorney named Luca Montezemolo. When Chief Steward Berdie Martin remonstrated with Regazzoni, Luca took a swing at the official who, laudably, swung right back. "The important thing is not the blocking," screamed Montezemolo as he exited. "The important thing is we win, we win?" Now we know where Vince Lombardi got the philosophy, if not the slogan.

The rest was anticlimactic. With victory assured, Lauda stroked it through the remaining 36 laps, allowing his margin to erode slowly but steadily to only 4.9 seconds at the finish. His average speed at the checkered flag was a creditable 116.10 mph for this, his fifth GP victory of the season. The only sour note in the performance was the blocking-punching incident. But the tides of passion in racing are as quick to subside as they are to rise. Lauda, of course, claimed complete incomprehension of his teammate's antics, smiling his clever chameleon grin. Team Manager Montezemolo was all shy winks and shrugs. "An unfortunate misunderstanding," he averred. "The steward, he did not realize I am Ferrari manager, he thought I was just some sort of crazy Italian." As for Berdie Martin, he not only won the fight but was vindicated when Regazzoni was disqualified. Only Emerson Fittipaldi retained anything resembling rancor. "I'm sorry it had to end that way," he said. "I could have given Niki the race of his life."

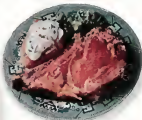
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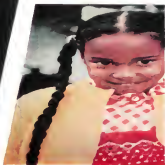
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before your eyes. The camera has a reflex viewing system, so when you look through the viewfinder, you're actually looking through the lens at a big, bright, clear image. It focuses from infinity down to 10.4 inches (closer than almost any other camera will let you get without a special lens). It lets you take rapid-fire shots, one every 1.5 seconds. It folds flat, to slip into your pocket. And it accepts all the optional SX-70 attachments.

Choose the camera on the right, and you've saved yourself about half the cost of the original. What do you give up? Instead of chrome, the Model 3 has a black plastic finish. The wrap

looks like genuine leather, but it isn't. This model has a different viewing system. Instead of focusing through the lens, you estimate the distance and set it. It accepts some of the attachments, but not all of them.

But the Model 3 performs brilliantly, delivering beautiful SX-70 pictures that develop as you watch.

Whichever you choose (and your dealer offers an in-between model, too) you'll discover what millions of SX-70 Land camera owners already know: this is what picture-taking should have been all along.

Polaroid

The SX-70 photograph on the far left was taken by the deluxe model. The photograph on the right was taken by the Model 3. Note the vibrant colors, the richness of detail in both.

His WFL-depleted offense is no longer Coach Don Shula's big worry. Now six defenders are hurt, but Miami goes marching on



New names among the No-Names

Coach Don Shula of the Dolphins is a decent sort of guy. He is kind to animals, polite to strangers, does not yell at his wife and kids and pulls his team off the practice field on those autumn afternoons when the Miami sky begins blinking on and off as if a giant fluorescent tube has gone haywire above the dark clouds. Shula does not particularly care for electrical storms; not only do they scare him, but they remind him of the shocking number of Dolphins who have been zapped by injuries almost as if they had been struck by lightning. Those bolts from the gray have hit with particularly disheartening accuracy at his No-Name Defense. And worst of all for Shula, it was the defense that was supposed to keep the Dolphins solid while he tried to figure out how to replace WFL defectors Larry Csonka, Jim Kiick and Paul Warfield on the offensive unit.

But before Shula was even able to take a good look at his new offense—Zot!—All-AFC Defensive End Bill Stanfill was hit on the head in Miami's first exhibition game when he and the Dolphins' other defensive end, Vern Den Herder, tried to tackle a runner who

was not there anymore and ended up butting helmets. Stanfill missed the rest of the exhibition season with a pinched nerve in his neck. It loosened up enough for him to play in Miami's first two regular-season games—a tough 31-21 loss to Oakland and an uneasy 22-14 win over hapless New England—but on the morning before the team left for last week's game at Green Bay, he woke up to find his neck about as limber as a redwood. He watched the Dolphins' lopsided 31-7 victory on television from a hospital room.

Zap! In a later exhibition, All-NFL Free Safety Jake Scott suffered a shoulder separation and aggravated an old knee injury. He too missed the rest of the exhibition season, and although he started at Green Bay, there is some doubt as to how strong his knee actually is.

Then—Zak!—Strong Safety Dick Anderson also injured a knee and was sidelined for the season. Zonk! Defensive Captain Nick Buoniconti was hit on the thumb in seven different places. (He has big thumbs.) He is out for the season. Zop! Tackle Manny Fernandez, the spiritual leader of the defensive line, sustained a sprained ankle in the final ex-

hibition game and will not play for a few more weeks. Zam! In the same game, the other defensive tackle, Bob Heinz, was hit on a knee. He is finished for the year.

In sum, those injuries meant that Shula had to begin the season without five veteran defensive starters. Suddenly, Miami's defense, not its offense, was his primary concern. The Dolphins could depend on good quarterbacking by Bob Griese and they had three runners, Mercury Morris, Don Nottingham and Norm Bulaich, who looked as if they would make the departures of Csonka and Kiick less painful than first anticipated. In fact, only the search for a wide receiver to replace Warfield has not gone well. One candidate, Mel Baker, suddenly turned up with fingers that seemed to be coated with STP, and Shula promptly traded him. Another, Rookie Morris Owens, hurt a thigh in practice last week and was put on the injured reserve list. That left only semistar Nat Moore (bruised big toe), Howard Twilley (mending hamstring) and Rookie Fred Solomon, a speedy former college quarterback at Tampa. Even though he hauled in a 58-yard pass for a touchdown against the Packers, Solomon still might be more

continued

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PRO FOOTBALL *continues*

comfortable throwing the ball than catching it.

With its lack of good receivers and with Griese in an uncharacteristic slump (he threw seven interceptions in the Dolphins' first two games), Miami was forced to rely on its familiar game plan of three yards and a cloud of Poly-Turf. But even without Csonka, those old tactics were working well enough, particularly when Nottingham ran for 120 yards in 16 carries against the Patriots.

It was on defense that changes had become imperative. In effect, the Dolphin defensive unit had come full circle, with the famous No-Names being replaced by some genuine no-names. The only 1974 starter currently on the line is Den Herder.

"We're strapped," he admits. "It's taking more work than I thought it would, at least before all these injuries happened. But we've got the effort; all it will take now is more verbal communication with these new linemen."

These new linemen are two second-year men, Tackles Randy Crowder and Don Reese, and a former WFLer, End John Andrews. Crowder has been looking stronger each week, which means he is likely to play a lot even after Fernandez returns. Reese, who replaced Heinz at right tackle, comes from a family of 11 children. In order to feed all those mouths, his father owns three businesses in Mobile, Ala.: a funeral parlor, a burial vault manufacturing company and a septic tank company. "He really cleans up," says Don, who might be doing the same, but he isn't completely healthy either; he hurt a knee in the Dolphins' opener when Crowder fell on him, and Andrews was nearly cut by Shula. He was spared at the last minute when Heinz and Fernandez were injured, and overnight improvement has made him a valuable part of the line.

Opponents have been not able to take undue advantage of the Dolphins' youthful defensive line, partly because the linebacking, despite the absence of Buoniconti, has remained tough. Bob Matheson, Doug Swift and Mike Kolen, who has moved into Buoniconti's middle spot after years as an outside linebacker in Miami's famed 53 Defense, are all skilled and experienced.

"We don't have any dumb football players on this team," adds Charlie

continues

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Babb, who intercepted three passes against Oakland as Anderson's replacement at strong safety. "We're all heady players. It will take a while to get coordinated, but my perception of the situation is that although we always may be no-names, we'll soon be as good as ever."

The Dolphins' six most recent quarters indicate that Babb's "soon" may be right now. Miami followed its loss to Oakland with a dismal first half against the Patriots. Trailing 14-0 at the start of the third period, the Dolphins abruptly turned the game around, shutting New England out in the second half while scoring two touchdowns and three field goals.

That pattern continued at Green Bay. On Miami's first series, Nottingham, who had three TDs and 102 yards, scored from the 11-yard line. After the ensuing kickoff, the Packers began a march of their own, pushing into Miami territory as Quarterback John Hadl completed three consecutive passes against the Dolphins' seemingly confused defense. Then, despite an off-sides penalty that allowed the Packer drive to continue just when Miami seemed to have it stopped, the Dolphins stiffened and forced Green Bay to attempt a field goal that missed. The Packers did not threaten again until they put together a meaningless fourth-quarter drive for their touchdown.

By that time the Dolphins had the game firmly in hand. Morris, who rolled up 125 yards rushing, joined Nottingham in giving Miami a balanced running attack, and Griese broke out of his slump with a 7 for 13, 133-yard passing performance. Two of his completions allowed the Dolphins to break the game open in the second quarter. His 23-yard pass to Moore set up a one-yard touchdown run by Nottingham. Then he threw the ball 44 yards to Solomon, who gathered it in and raced the remaining 14 to the end zone.

Miami's offense amassed 414 yards and its defense held Green Bay to 227. Those are the sort of figures that the No-Name, pre-WFL Dolphins used to thrive on. To be sure, last week's good numbers were attained against a poor Packer team, but they were accumulated in such impressive fashion that the old Dolphin lightning could soon be electrifying Miami again.

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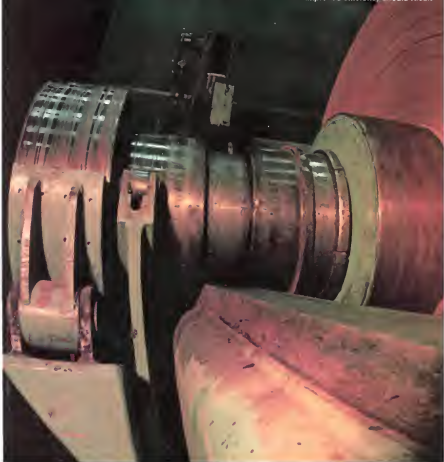
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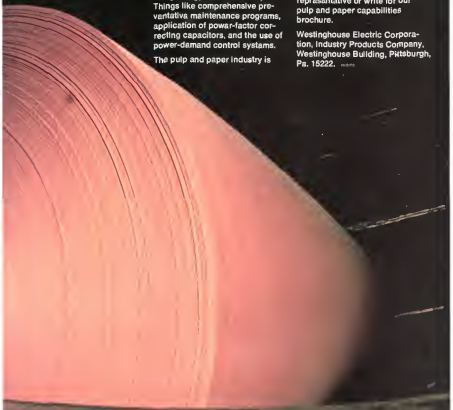
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SAME BEARD, BUT A NEW ATTITUDE

Bill Walton is a new man, or at least 30 to 50 pounds of him is. The 6'11" ex-UCLA star and celebrated sometime center of the Portland Trail Blazers played most of last season weighing 220, but by the final weeks had wasted away to an Ichabod Crane-ish 205, or even less by some estimates. Putting him in the key against a typically well-muscled National Basketball Association center was like having a sick stork butt heads with a buffalo. But last week, as the team worked at its training camp at Portland Community College, Walton weighed 250, meaning the Trail Blazers are getting up to 20% more bulk for their approximately \$400,000 a year.

Weight was not Walton's only problem in 1974-75. He was easily the most promising rookie in the NBA (as well as being the second-richest radical in the U.S., after Jane Fonda), but it was his former teammate at UCLA, Jamaal (formerly Keith) Wilkes, who made Rookie of the Year and helped his team, the Golden State Warriors, win the championship. Walton missed 47 of Portland's 82 games because of flu, a dislocated finger and a controversial bone spur in his left ankle, which some critics thought was really an advanced case of malignant malingering. There were well-founded stories that he wanted to get out of his contract and escape from rainy Oregon to a sunnier climate. He criticized the national anthem, among a multitude of other more or less cherished things, and started getting hate mail.

Whatever was going on in Walton's mind, by season's end his body looked anemic. His final statistics, on the other hand, were not all that discouraging. In the 35 games he played, he averaged 12.8 points—not league-shaking but, in Portland's style of play, respectable—and 12.6 rebounds, a pace that would have earned him seventh place in the NBA if he had maintained it over a full season. He also blocked an average of 2.68 shots per game, which would have been third-best in the league. The problem was that parts of seasons aren't what pro basketball judges you by.

Determined to put on muscle and prove he is a basketball player of durability as well as merit, Walton trained hard all summer. He did not give up his vegetarian diet—he goes at it with such

fervent belief that he will not even drink milk or eat cottage cheese or yogurt—but he ate large amounts of nuts, fruits and vegetables. This will, of course, cause problems for sportswriters around the league who are fond of animal images. If it is true that "you are what you eat," then a rampaging Walton will have to be termed a turnip in a china shop, strong as an onion, brave as a rutabaga.

He also went through a rigorous program set up for him at the Portland Jewish Community Center and a local gym, hefting weights six hours a week, riding his bicycle, playing volleyball and a little basketball. Politically, he kept a low profile, surfacing only once. This was on the fringes of the Patty Hearst case; he claimed his telephone had been monitored because of his friendship with Jack Scott, the sports figure who, it has been alleged, aided Miss Hearst.

"I just did what I felt like doing, what felt good," Walton said of his summer. "It feels good to work out. It's nice when you are physically able to do as much as you want to."

Was there maybe a bit of suet in that 30 to 50 extra pounds?

"It's larger muscles," he says. "Do I look fat to you? It's not a larger stomach. When your muscles are strong, you can do the things required of you to play."

That sounded like an echo of what Portland Coach Lenny Wilkens and others had been telling Walton all along.

"At the end of the season, I told him I wanted him to come in at a minimum weight," said Wilkens. "He's way over that minimum. I like what I see. His definition is good. He'll probably play at 240 once he's through with two-a-day workouts. I wanted the extra weight on him not so he can shove people around, but because you have to have strength and stamina to play 82 games, and you have to have some weight. Big guys like him can lose eight to 10 pounds in a game."

Walton's serious summer basketball was limited to three charity games in which he played against Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. In fact, he volunteered his services specifically so that he could go against the Los Angeles Lakers' new center. "He played extremely well," says Willie Naulls, a friend of Walton's. Naulls, a former New York Knick and

continued

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Boston Celtic who lives in the Los Angeles area, is president of the Soulville Foundation for underprivileged children, for which the games were played. "Most of the guys were not in great shape and neither was Bill, but he played very aggressively. He almost hit his head on the rim a couple of times. In the first game, he had 29 rebounds against Kareem and in the third game, out in Honolulu, he was actually outplaying him." Toward the end of the first half of that one, Abdul-Jabbar became so fed up with Walton's aggressiveness (no one is thrown out of a charity game on fouls) that he put a hard elbow in Walton's face. Walton went to a hospital to have his cheek checked out, but no damage was found.

In early September, Walton broke a toe on his right foot when he stubbed it on a lawn sprinkler at a friend's home in Los Angeles. ("He didn't tell me about it right away," says Wilkens. "He felt sheepish.") The break was a clean one, requiring only a splint on the toe, which

Walton was then able to squeeze into a sneaker. He had to sit out the early practices and he missed the Trail Blazers' first two exhibition games last weekend, but he rejoined workouts late last week.

Walton's now-you-see-him, now-you-don't rookie season had his teammates and coach confused and sometimes miffed, but at training camp last week Walton seemed comfortable and happy, accepted by his teammates with no visible strain. They have never been afraid of kidding him. Last season he was fond of blaming all their colds and other ailments on the fact that they ate "dead animals." When he was struck down by influenza himself, they verbally climbed all over him. Nor is his well-publicized lifestyle exempt. The other day, when Walton asked Guard Dan Anderson whom he lived with, Anderson said, "With my wife, not in a commune." Walton just grinned and said, "Awww, c'mon."

Portland is going to need a healthy, committed Walton if it is to survive in

the NBA's Pacific Division. Abdul-Jabbar is happier playing in Los Angeles than in Milwaukee. Golden State, with young Wilkes and Rick Barry, is the defending champion, and Wilkens claims Seattle and Phoenix both will be improved as well—quite a change from the start of last season, when the Pacific looked as though it might be the NBA's feeblest division.

Walton has sold his elaborate A-frame house on the Willamette River (for close to \$100,000) and moved to an old section of northwest Portland, where his roommate is Greg Lee, another ex-teammate from the "Walton Gang" days at UCLA. Lee, who is trying out for the team at guard, is also a vegetarian but is willing to drink milk. He even admits he is sorely tempted by turkey. Not Walton, though. Anyone who eats meat in his presence is treated like a cannibal.

"He goes at everything with such fervor," says Lee. This year, that may well include professional basketball. **AND**

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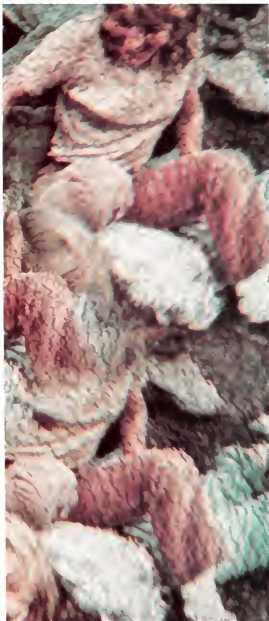
PLAY

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—BILL HARPER

"Is it possible that the unleashed competitiveness of the school system actually perpetuates the very things education is created to erase, namely fear, mediocrity and uniformity? Are persons then extinguished rather than cultivated?"

—BILL HARPER

"One cannot in the nature of things expect a little tree that has been turned into a club to put forth leaves."

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"The trick is not to arrange a festival, but rather to find the people who can enjoy it."

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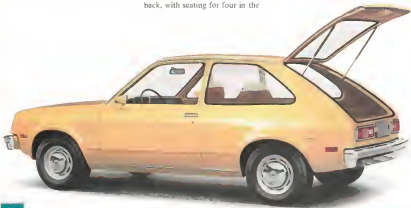
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—BILL HARPER

"Any culture oriented toward work will find play to be incomprehensible and dangerous. A few people will respond favorably to the possibility of play, but many more will respond unfavorably; the vast majority will respond ambivalently. When play evokes ambivalence, leisure becomes a problem."

—ROBERT E. NEALE

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—BILL HARPER

"Answer the following questions HONESTLY, and finally discover the truth about yourself—whether you are a worker: 1) Do you lose time from drinking due to working? 2) Is working making your home life unhappy? 3) Is working affecting your reputation? 4) Do you often 'sneak' your work in so that others will not know how much you work? 5) Do you want to work right after (or instead of) having sex? 6) Have you lost interest in everything other than work? 7) Do you avoid activities which might interfere with your work? 8) Do you prefer moonlighting to moonshine?"

"If you have answered YES to any one of these questions, there is warning that you may be a worker. If you have answered YES to any two of these questions, there is a good probability you are a worker. If you have answered YES to any three, you are definitely a worker. If you were too busy working to even answer the questions, you are quite pathetically beyond any help whatsoever."

—BILL HARPER

*"Well, well, go and play till the
light fades away
And then go home to bed.
The little ones leaped and shouted
and laughed
And all the hills echoed."*

—WILLIAM BLAKE

This is a sampling of the aphorisms, analyses and announcements that appear in the *Play Factory Advocate*, which itself appears once a month in Emporia, Kans. The four-page *Advocate* is published by the students and faculty of Emporia State. However, there is a growing group of *Advocate* devotees scattered around the world like members of an obscure religious sect. It is likely that their numbers will increase, for the *Advocate*, whose logo is The Fool (one of the major arcana of the tarot deck) and whose closing exhortation in each issue is "Play On," is a marvelously entertaining, fey and, by some standards, subversive journal of outrageous opinion.

The *Advocate* is not a member of the free press, being a house organ of the Play Factory, an enterprise that has been called variously a philosophical experiment, a Marx Brothers charade and a revolutionary cell. One of the few things people in Emporia agree about is that whatever the Play Factory is, it is the creation of Bill Harper.

A tall, slender 30-year-old blond, Harper looks more like the stereotype of a Southern California beach-and-tennis hum, which he once was, than the stereotype of a doctor of philosophy, which he now is. "I lived around Los Angeles," Harper says. "I was intense and competitive about everything—school, surfing, tennis—but I was not playful. In fact, I am not naturally a playful person. I was a product of a competitive nonplayful subculture. Maybe one function of the Play Factory is to provide self-therapy."

About the time Harper entered graduate school at USC he began to think seriously about play. During this period—the mid-1960s—Southern Cal had a formidable collection of heavy thinkers addressing themselves to the philosophical aspects of fun and games. Though Harper has continued to think about this subject for a decade, he is still seeking a definition for play: "I am not sure that anyone can find a short, adequate one—in the sense that we can define an ostrich or a forehead lob. Come to think of it, I am not sure that anyone has ever truly defined anything, but that gets into another area."

Harper is, however, willing and able to hold forth on the attributes and effects of play for hours or, given the proper kind of audience, days: "Play is voluntary, spontaneous, light and one of the

traditional sources of pure pleasure for humans. Real play is an in-itself, not an in-order-to activity, amend, not a means. In play a human recognizes and celebrates his humanity, recognizes and celebrates the humanity of others. Play is expansive. Lack of play turns a person inward, makes it more difficult to experience and perceive the reality of the world."

Harper is more definitive when talking about what play is not. Anything that people are required to do under threat of direct or indirect punishment is not play. If one does something that appears to be play but is doing it for reasons other than experiencing the joys of the moment, this is not play. Playing for good health, therapy, social acceptance, money, grades, trophies and publicity is not, according to Harper, playful.

Harper feels that the educational system is one of a number of modern institutions that have become dangerously unplayful. "The school was the original playground," he says. "In fact, school comes from the Greek *skole*, which means leisure." Harper can be ferociously erudite in the defense of play. "Leisure," he says, "suggests certain qualities not prized these days, such as silence, contemplation, celebration, wonder, fantasy. Schools were provided for people to disengage or distance themselves from the workaday part of the world in order to learn to see the whole world more clearly. Schools once encouraged people to play with ideas."

A recent *Advocate* contained an instructive passage about what schools have become: "In the mill of the academy today we do not grind gerunds, chiefly because most of us cannot remember what gerunds are. Yet we still glorify the work spirit. It is not an accident that we regularly speak of homework, workbooks, work loads, workouts, workshops, workhorses, schoolwork, task forces, works of art, workrooms, work sheets, work-ups, classwork, work schedules, make-up work, board work, remedial work, course work and committee work."

In Harper's opinion competitive athletics reveals schools in a playfulfulness. He asks, "What do coaches from the Little League say when they want to praise a player? They say he is a hard worker. Any time you have games in which the participants have less control than the or-

continued

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PLAY continued

ganizers about how they play, who they play, when they play, then it is not really play. Kids get started in sports because they are playful, but they get caught in a system where they are playing for other rewards.

"Maybe highly organized competitive sports have a constructive function. Some people feel they help to subliminate violent urges and teach citizens to be obedient. Maybe we need this kind of sport to prepare people to work, but big sports programs thwart playfulness.

"Play, I think, is very close to being an innate characteristic of man, and for that reason as long as man is man, it is never going to be forgotten or abolished, but there are times when we get very grim and serious, and the whole style of society tends to make it harder for people to play. When this happens—and we are in that kind of period—people languish, become spiritually spindly as they might physically if they did not have sufficient or proper food. I think play is an essential element for spiritual well-being."

With such notions in various stages of intellectual gestation, Harper received his Ph.D. from Southern Cal in 1970. Upon graduation the best job he could find was at Emporia State, a school of 6,500 students, mostly would-be teachers, located between Wichita and Topeka. At the start, except for speaking well of play in his lectures, Harper was not noticeably more playful than is customary for untutored philosophy instructors. However, in 1973 the school needed an intramural director, and Harper volunteered for the job. That fall Harper published the first issue of the Froot-adorned *Advocate*, which announced that the intramural department had been abolished, at least in name, and replaced by the Play Factory. Asked what the Play Factory was about, Harper never explained precisely. ("Surprise, curiosity, wonder are all important to the playful spirit," he says blandly.) However, the first *Advocate* did reluctantly acknowledge that it had become necessary to make play, to manufacture it, so sorry was the human condition.

Among those receiving the initial manifesto was John Visser, the college president. "No," he says, "I did not know until I read the *Advocate* that I was going to be the chairman of the board of a Play Factory. And no, I don't know exactly what a Play Factory is, and I am

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not certain Bill Harper does. I think the central point, that a school should be a place where people can have some fun, is a good one that we tend to overlook with all the emphasis on career preparation. Mostly what I know is that Harper is creative and imaginative, and that creativity and imagination don't do well if the administrative reins are too tight. I let Bill alone, wait for the *Advocate* and expect to be surprised."

While others were mulling over his initial statements, Harper, like a proper factory manager, was putting together a production staff. Eventually he recruited 25 playmakers—art, drama, psychology, English, history, business, music and a few phys ed majors. Though real money was being offered, the first playmakers were confused about what they were meant to be and do.

"When I was employed I thought it was going to be like a regular job with typing and filing," recalls Nori, a charter playmaker. "I wasn't athletic and I know now I wasn't very playful." Nori remains what she was before becoming embroiled in the Play Factory, a small-town Kansas girl studying to be a high school business teacher. But now she is uncertain whether such a calling will be sufficiently lively and playful. "When I started I asked Dr. Harper what I should do. He asked me what kind of things I thought I should do. I said maybe type some announcements or schedules. He said that was a good idea, and what kind of things did I want to announce or schedule? Then he said, 'Play on' and went off to do something else. I was in a state of shock. It was so unreal."

Nori persevered, however, and has risen to a recently created inner circle of playmakers who, in conventional industrial terms, might be the equivalent of a new-product research and testing division. Among other things she has become the most proficient female tobacco spitter on campus, an activity about which she has typed a few announcements and schedules. "Being a playmaker is the best thing that has happened to me," Nori says. "I used to be so tight and straight. Now I feel like I can float instead of plod."

Once staffed with players and floaters, the Play Factory announced it was open for business and would be pushing five product lines, Play I, II, III, IV and O. Play I and II turned out to be conven-

tional games and diversions—football, basketball, softball, hiking, orienteering and dance—which would be equipped, scheduled and officiated by the playmakers just as these pastimes had been by the previous intramural staff. But Play I and II were given new touches. In keeping with the philosophy of the Play Factory that rewards corrupt rather than promote play, the presentation of trophies, plaques and other athletic keepsakes was abolished. The principle that people should voluntarily choose their own playmates was honored by eliminating eligibility requirements (in the past students participating in intramurals had to belong to some nonplayful organization on campus, a fraternity, sorority, dormitory or club).

There was a degree of customer resistance to the new play styles. Dormitory politicians complained. In response some of the playmakers suggested that the factory open an ego shop, in which trophies would be stocked and available for the asking to those who felt the need for one. The idea was eventually discarded as being an unplayful put-down.

Play III games are conventional ones that have been disorganized and deregulated. There are no officials or schedules for Play III encounters; the playmakers act more or less as brokers, putting one playful group in touch with another, supplying equipment and playgrounds. In Play III, ironclad rules have been replaced by elastic ones. Harper and his playmakers consider boundary lines one of the more restrictive features of most conventional games. "It works against abandoning yourself to play, to be pulled up short by an arbitrary white line beyond which play is prohibited," says Harper. "With the exception of women's lacrosse, which is a beautiful game, outdoor sports are line-bound. We've tried soccer, softball, touch football without lines, and they are more playful games than the play-in-a-box versions. A problem has been convincing the maintenance staff that we don't want lines on the fields. I guess groundskeepers figure that having a baseball field without lines is appalling, like a body without clothes."

Cord basketball, touch football and, especially, softball are popular Play Factory products. Because of the mixed teams, some novel play strategies have evolved. For example, in cord softball, as played in Emporia, women are usu-

ally the offensive stars. The team on the defense sends all its men to the outfield. (In Play III nobody is terribly finicky about how many of what sex, or in fact how many people of any sort are playing at the same time.) The men on the offensive team come to the plate, ripple their muscles, take a mighty swing and give the ball a long high ride into an outfielder's glove. The women slap grounders that bleed into base hits.

Play IV is Play III carried to a logical conclusion and the brand that seems to be the favorite of the playmakers. Play IV may include playdays, open play, special play, ceremonies, festivals and anything else that comes to mind.

Once the playmakers dug an enormous hole in an athletic practice field, partly filled it with water and mud and invited everyone to come disport themselves. Play IV has suggested strolling around the campus on very tall stilts, the better to be able to peer into second-story classroom windows to cheer up working students, and it oversaw the making, from discarded airplane and truck tires, cable and planks, of a three-acre adult playground that looks like something Andy Warhol might create if he were commissioned to design an obstacle course for a Marine boot camp.

The first week in May is the busiest time for the Emporia Playmakers, who in consequence are on double shifts. At high-noon last May Day in a brick courtyard in front of the administration building there was a tobacco spit. Some 50 bona fide chewers and spitters showed up, along with three times as many spectators, critics and sympathetic gagers. The Play Factory provided a liberal supply of Red Man, Beech-Nut, Apple Plug, Copenhagen, Skel, even some antique slippery elm. The chewers loaded up and began to spit at targets on sheets which Bill Harper had ripped from his bed. All of which may seem gross, but oddly and truly it was playful, even if in a gross fashion.

A varsity baseball pitcher who was doing very well in the accuracy spit volunteered the information that he chewed right and spit left.

"Do you have any tips for the youth of America who may be following your career?"

"Lay off the bubble gum and don't choke."

A footballer was formidable in the dis-

continued

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PLAY

tance events. "Out of season I stay in shape with two packs of Red Man a day, just easy chewing," he said. "Getting ready for a big event like this I up the Red Man to four packs and throw in a little Copenhagen to help my timing. I cool off with unfiltered Camels."

"Where do the best spitters come from?"

"We've always had a lot of strong spitters around here—Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas—but those chewers from Florida and south Texas can be tough. They have that great weather, can work outdoors all season."

Another football player, a varsity lineman called Bigsy, admitted it was a new game for him. Bigsy made a brief debut as a chewer. He crammed half a plug into his mouth, and then not only choked but swallowed the whole cud.

Wearing a look of suffering astonishment, Bigsy rushed to the student health center. When he returned, a paler and quieter man, someone asked, "Bigsy, how do you rate tobacco chewing as a contact sport?"

"Too brutal. I'd rather go two-a-days."

What with all the fun nobody remembered to measure to find out who actually was the longest and most precise spitter. Nobody seemed to consider this an oversight except a visiting journalist who had come for a contest, and in contests you keep score.

"Hey, Doc," he asked Harper, "who won this thing?"

"We'll never know, but we have seen some very playful spitting."

That evening, having mopped up after the chewing celebration, a squad of playmakers started getting ready for amoeba play. The central piece of equipment was the Play Factory's amoeba, which began its evolution in the Fine Arts Department, where students were experimenting with pieces of inflatable sculpture made out of plastic. Seeing larger possibilities, the playmakers went to work with rolls of clear polyethylene and refrigerator tape, eventually sticking together a free-form bag that is large enough to fill half a gymnasium. At one end there are two hoods which fit over a pair of electric fans. When the fans are turned on, the plastic creation inflates to a height of 10 or 12 feet and does indeed resemble a gigantic, obese amoeba, possessing a number of peculiar appendages,

interior canals, orifices and vacuoles, all of which are constantly quivering and changing shape. Once the amoeba was pitched, blown up or whatever, playmakers and their customers piled through slits in the sides of the beast. In its mounds they played tag, kicked plastic balls, batted and banged on the plastic to speed up the shape-changing process. Others simply found themselves a quiet tube or cranny and sat down to contemplate whatever is brought to mind by a plastic amoeba.

There was a group of middle-aged Emporia residents playing a game of soccer outside the amoeba gym. (The Play Factory has expanded its markets and is now offering fun, games and strange experiences to the townspeople.) Soon a soccer-playing couple came by to see what was happening.

"It certainly is very interesting," said the woman. "What do you call it?"

"What is it for?" asked the man.

A playmaker who was manning the electric fans started to say something, shut his mouth, paused and finally said, "It is our amoeba, and it is for playing with. Take off your shoes and go inside and see."

As if they had been instructed to exercise for good health and a trim figure, the couple obediently entered and spent a few minutes padding around the amoeba after the fashion of visitors to a modern art gallery.

"Well, it certainly is different," said the woman when she crawled out.

"I'm going to see if I can get a game of racket ball before I shower," said the man.

The culminating event of the Play IV Mayweek was the Festival of Ascending on High, a kite fly which the *Axiocate* had been touting for some time in its own oracular style: "There will be a great and terrible calamity which will befall all of the Emporia State Community. The only way to escape this GRAVE CALAMITY (about which we must be vague in order to heighten the suspense) is to participate in our re-creation of the Festival of Ascending on High. While gleefully swaying in song and from drink you will fly your kite joining others in boisterous MERRYMAKING. Or else. Heed our warning."

The arrangements for the Festival of Ascending on High were less elaborate than the promotional prose, but the Play

continued

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PLAY continued

Factory did deliver the goods. Previously the playmakers established a kite shop in a downtown mall so that no one anywhere in the Emporia area could claim lack of equipment as an excuse for not festivity. On Ascension Day the factory provided a large, unfilled field, 12 kegs of free beer and several bluegrass and folk music groups. It was a gorgeous fresh day, the kind the prairies get now and then, and when they do, this is the best weather in the world. Five hundred people flew kites or forgot to fly kites, got their kites snarled in trees, climbed up and freed them or left them there, drank beer, danced, shouted, bounced on airplane tires, sunbathed, necked, napped, sat or lay in circles on the grass.

At the edge of the festival grounds a pair of policemen watched the proceedings. "They never do anything," said Bill Harper, waving to the security men, "but they always watch. I suppose if you are a cop this looks like a thing that needs to be watched."

As it developed, something quite irregular did happen. There was a couple who struggled hard but unsuccessfully to get a very large, triple-decker kite off the ground. Like a cavalryman charging to the rescue, one of the cops revved up his scooter and came rolling across the field. He tied the kite string on to the buggy and, thus powered, the kite finally rose. There was a big hand for the cop.

Mayweek was the showcase for Play IV. But the *Advocate* remains the principal guide to and product of Play O which, the newspaper notes, "is for those persons who do not play and yet who are actively thinking about play or who may be wondering about the meaning of play or who may be living a creative play spirit."

"You most probably believed that you could escape our reach if you simply were not publicly caught playing. You have managed very well, until now. Your fatal mistake was to read the *Advocate* and thereby think about play. For you see, in order to be free of our nasty subversion you must neither play nor even think about play. Woe to you workers who have been caught. Trapped. The game is up. Now that we have your number, why not dial ours? "Come play with us—see the future. It plays."

"I hope," says Bill Harper, "that the overall effect of the *Advocate* and the

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factory is to spread the notion that play is positive, respectable and useful. We have a lot of people and institutions who directly and indirectly suggest that play is something that can and should occur only when a person has nothing constructive to do. I'm not trying to get people to think seriously about play, that is obviously a contradiction in terms, but I hope some of this will suggest that play is as worthy an experience as love or beauty."

Meanwhile, The Fool's shop in Emporia is filled with ideas for bigger, better and more playful productions. A playmaker from New York City and another from Hawaii are compiling guides to their native games that might be nicely transplanted to the Kansas prairie. Thought is being given to new sports—for example, track and field events: the shot roll, the 50-yard crawl, the 120-yard under hurdle, the low jump (making a clean leap under a bar that would be lowered after each successful try) and the

patience sprint (seeing who can take the longest time to cover a given distance). Playmakers are experimenting with setting games to music—Wagner for people who want to knock heads, Brahms for restful games. There is talk of an underwater jacks tournament, basketball with moving baskets, an Honor the Clouds celebration combined with an all-day hand hold, and putting some playmakers and their gear in vans and sending them out to promote the playful spirit at interstate highway rest stops.

Harper, who since its beginning has been hoping the playmakers will take over the Play Factory bat, ball and mud-hole, favors such ideas and, as they say in the *Ah-o-ah-o*, anything else that comes playfully to mind. However, his long range hope is that the Play Factory will self-destruct.

"The contradiction is that we are indeed making play, which is an antiplayful element. The idea and excuse was that something like the Play Factory was nec-

essary to remind people about the value and nature of play and to challenge openly some of the antiplay attitudes and propaganda. If we are successful, people here will start playing spontaneously."

A few words from George Santayana, who were naturally picked up by the *Ah-o-ah-o*, seem to explain the philosophical properties and prospects of the Play Factory as well as any can:

"There is an undeniable propriety in calling all the liberal and imaginative activities of man play because they are spontaneous and not carried on under pressure of external necessity or danger . . . By play we are designating no longer what is done fruitlessly but whatever is done spontaneously and for its own sake, whether it have or not an ulterior utility. Play in this sense may be our most useful occupation. So far would a gradual adaptation to the environment be from making play obsolete that it would tend to abolish work and to make play universal."

END

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Yesterday

by GEORGE A. GIFE

SPECTATING AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE, WHICH IS FORTUNATE FOR SPORTS FANS

It wasn't easy being a sports fan in the good old days. For one thing, the grandstands had a habit of collapsing, taking several hundred or so spectators with them on each occasion.

One of the more memorable collapses took place in 1890 while 25,000 persons were watching the Yale-Princeton football game at Brooklyn's Eastern Park. In order to accommodate such a large crowd, an additional grandstand had been brought from Philadelphia, and it was this section that "fell with a crashing, roaring noise a little after twelve o'clock, precipitating nearly two thousand persons in a confused and terrified mass to the ground, under and upon the splintered ruins of the stand," at least according to *The New York Times*.

Despite the number of persons involved, there were only two fatalities, and most of the hardy fans "dislained surgical attention, and tied handkerchiefs around their wounded limbs and sought new perches on the ruins of the fallen stands from which to view the great contest."

In the ensuing brouhaha, the Eastern Park manager blamed the fans for the accident. "The trouble was that the people would not keep still," he said. "It was cold, I suppose, and the people got up on their feet and began dancing like a lot of wild Indians." The newspapers blamed management ("Those who had it in charge seemed anxious only to make money and cared not a whit how the public fared"); the police ("The Brooklyn police . . . stood around like so many dummies"); and the Philadelphia construction firm ("There was not a piece of wood about the structure deserving the name of timber").

Just a year before, a similar accident had occurred out West, at Guthrie, Indian Territory (now the state of Oklahoma), where 1,000 persons gathered

to watch the Fourth of July races had fallen to the ground with the defective grandstand. "Much indignation was expressed against the architect," said the newspapers in a marvelous piece of understatement.

Another such collapse occurred in Chicago during the 1902 Wisconsin-Michigan football game. Thirty-two were injured as the grandstand there gave way "with a crash that could be heard for blocks." Fortunately, no injury befell the building inspectors who had pronounced the grandstand safe and were standing close to it when it descended about their ears.

That same year, Glasgow's Ibrox Park grandstand had collapsed, killing five and injuring 125. More than 70,000 were present to watch an International football match between England and Scotland. When some of the fans pushed their way onto the field, squads of policemen drove them back into the stands, with the result that there was too much weight at the top of the wooden structure. A section of 12 tiers measuring 100 by 30 feet gave way, sending spectators to the ground 60 feet below. "The injured were piled in heaps, wedged in with broken wood," the paper reported, adding, "The rest of the crowd watched the game, a draw, without noticing."

A similar accident took place in Philadelphia on Aug. 8, 1903, during a National League baseball game between the Phillies and Boston. The grandstand had been constructed with a wooden walkway at the top of the left-field section. Only three feet wide, it overlooked 15th Street, which became the scene of a scuffle between a pair of drunks just as Boston came to bat in its half of the fourth inning. Attracted by the disturbance, more and more fans began leaning over the railing, until finally a 200-foot section of it fell into 15th Street. "For an entire block," a newspaper reported, "men were lying . . . some as far out as the car tracks." The wounded were rushed to St. Joseph's Hospital in a huge wrecking car of the Philadelphia Transit Company. Subsequent investigation of the stands showed that the wooden railing supports were rotten.

Before the turn of the century, when spectator sports really caught on, grandstand construction was often shoddy and of a decidedly temporary nature. Nev-

ertheless, it must be pointed out that the oldtime sports fan often brought danger on himself, for he was a dedicated free-loader who would clamber virtually anywhere to see an event without paying for it. Sometimes this led him to disaster, as it did in 1887, when a group of 35 London sports fans boarded a hay-laden barge in order to get a better view of the Thames River regatta. When the ropes holding the tarpaulin covering the hay suddenly parted, all but one of the spectators fell into the river. The water at that point was only three feet deep, but there happened to be eight feet of mud directly underneath and 17 persons were drowned.

Eight years later an estimated 600 people jammed their way onto a three-span iron bridge 40 feet above the St. Joseph River at Bristol, Ind., to watch the Fourth of July regatta. As the boats approached the bridge during the final race, the eager crowd began cheering and stomping its feet. At the height of the excitement, the bridge tumbled into the river, carrying its 600 occupants with it. Thirty-eight of them died.

Even more horrendous was the accident that occurred on Nov. 29, 1900 in San Francisco. The event was a football game between Stanford and California, which attracted about 20,000 paying spectators and 200 free-loaders. The free-loaders' roost was the sheet-iron roof of the Pacific Glass Works factory, which overlooked the playing field.

No one knows how 200 people managed to work their way onto the roof in broad daylight. The manager claimed he had tried to prevent the spectators from gathering there and had even called police. Whether or not, 20 minutes after the game started the roof caved in, sending 100 or more men and boys downward "upon the red-hot furnaces and glass vats below. All were horribly burned. . . . The fires on the furnaces had been started for the first time . . . and the vats were full of liquid glass. . . . Some were killed instantly and others were slowly roasted to death."

It hardly seems necessary to add that today's sports fan enjoys a comparatively easy lot. All he faces are traffic jams, hideous renditions of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, escalators that do not escalate, admission prices that do, and the ever-present threat of the \$2 beer. END



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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLEOOD

RED-HOT TOWN

Sir:

Whenever I read or hear something glowing about Cincinnati, especially from an outsider, I get a good feeling inside. At this moment I feel great.

Frank Deford's article (*Watch on the Ohio*, Sept. 29) highlights just a few of the gems in the Queen City's crown. I love my city. Being a staid and conservative Cincinnati, I am sometimes embarrassed to admit it. Cincinnati is as beautiful as the photograph that begins the article.

Having spent the last four years as a police officer on Cincinnati's downtown streets, I believe I can also speak with some authority on this river town's virtues. If Deford would spend one lunch hour on Fountain Square on a summer afternoon, he might change his mind about our women's looks.

STEVEN E. EGGERS

Cincinnati

Sir:

Frank Deford may qualify as a judge of Miss America beauty contestants (*LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER*, Sept. 29), but he's no judge of our Cincinnati women. We have more than our fair share of beauties.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sir:

I marveled at the way Frank Deford recognized the Queen City's endearing quirks, which would have confounded a less sensitive writer. And Longfellow surely would have approved of Photographer Heinz Klummeier's glittering image of (to borrow from *Catwallow Wine*) "the Queen of the West in her garlands dressed on the banks of the Beautiful River."

ROGER J. MEZGER

Stow, Ohio

Sir:

I had always thought it impossible for an outsider to understand what Cincinnati is all about, yet in a few short pages Frank Deford has captured it all.

BRIAN M. VOLCK

Cincinnati

COACH HAYDON

Sir:

Thanks for the article *This Coach Is First* (*Class* (Sept. 22)). Being associated with Ted Haydon and the University of Chicago Track Club is one of my best memories as a dis-

tance runner. After 3½ years of Big Ten athletics, where emphasis was on attaining meaningless titles and trophies, I was a disillusioned athlete. What a relief it was to be able to compete in an atmosphere where personal growth was valued above what place you finished. I have seen Ted Haydon refuse to be interrupted in order to watch one of his men struggle through a six-minute mile. Interestingly enough, my best races were run in this atmosphere, and that is the beauty of his approach. An athlete can realize his potential, not through external pressure but through self-motivation. Years later the athlete has a lot more than trophies to show for his efforts. He has the ability to draw on the best within himself.

DICK HALL

Columbia, Calif.

Sir:

Sarah Pileggi's article paid tribute to a rare individual. Everyone decries the state of amateur athletics in the U.S., but Ted Haydon is one person who, for the past 25 years, has worked to provide training and competitive opportunities for amateurs—especially the post-college athletes who are so frequently ignored by the American system. His unselfish dedication to track and field should provide inspiration to all who want to change the present situation. We need many more Ted Haydons.

LARRY G. FRANKS

Smyrna, N.Y.

Sir:

Because of Ted Haydon my pole vaulting career was prolonged six years and I was able to attain my goal. I was no Bob Seagren, but I was competitive.

MIKE HANNA

Pendleton, Ind.

Sir:

How refreshing to find a genuine, low-gear personality in the midst of 20th century high-powered sports.

LEE DAVID FAUTSCH

Dubuque, Iowa

COVERING NOTRE DAME

Sir:

Having always been a fan of Notre Dame football and tradition, I was pleased with your Sept. 29 cover picturing Quarterback Rick Slagter. Another name of special interest to me was Sept. 30, 1974 with Tom Clements on the cover. Which brings up a ques-

tioned

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19TH HOLE continued

tion. How many Notre Dame quarterbacks have made the cover of SI?

JIM MULLEN

The Dalles, Ore.

• Seven, beginning with Paul Hornung (Oct. 29, 1956).—ED.

Sir:

Which college football team has been on the cover most often?

DAVID J. YOUNG

Notre Dame, Ind.

• Notre Dame, with 14 appearances, including one "defeat" at the hands of Andrews Shirley MacLaine. Texas is runner-up with 11, Oklahoma has made it nine times and USC eight. —ED.

Sir:

Rick Stuger has achieved an unusual distinction. In 1971 (Aug. 16) he appeared in your 3-A as the C.A.W.A. section, and now he has been featured on the cover.

VINCE MICCONE

Wilmington, Del.

Sir:

As a Purdue grad I must comment on John Underwood's article. I take issue with only one statement: "Purdue's pride is that it has beaten the Irish more than any other team has." That is only one measure of Purdue's pride. Not only do we have the nation's finest marching band, we have the world's largest drum (Texas, don't bother to argue) and the famous Golden Girl. Purdue also produces such stars as Bob Graeme, Mike Phipps and Orlin Armstrong.

Talk about our pride, yes, but please don't limit it to one game a year with one school which, I think, is overrated anyway.

SANDORA GUY

Dayton

NO ICE—AND NO "E"

Sir:

Clive Gattmon (*Good Show on the House of Lords*, Sept. 29) is a very fortunate man because if ghillies could read, he would be tracked to the end of the earth and shot dead. Salmon, the most magnificent fighting fish in the world, is never, never hoisted with "whiskey," and to state that a ghillie does so is unpardonable. "Whisky," and only "whisky," can claim the right to be associated with the King of the Sea. Shame on you. May you catch only menhaden.

ORISON MACPHERSON

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